

# The TATLER

Vol. CXXV. No. 1628.

London  
Sept. 7, 1932



REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER FOR  
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Vol. CXXV. No. 1628. London, September 7, 1932

POSTAGE: Inland 1½d.; Canada and  
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## LADY SIBELL LYGON—A RECENT PORTRAIT

*Yevonde*

Lady Sibell Lygon is the second of Lord and Lady Beauchamp's four daughters, and she and her sisters are well known out hunting with the Croome, in whose country Madresfield, Lord Beauchamp's seat, stands. It is a comfortable country over which to follow hounds, and they have an extraordinarily nice pack. Lady Beauchamp was Lady Lettice Grosvenor, a daughter of the late Earl Grosvenor and a sister of the present Duke of Westminster



Poole, Dublin

AT VICE-REGAL LODGE, DUBLIN: LADY LAVERY AND MRS. JAMES McNEILL

Sir John and Lady Lavery are the guests of H.E. the Governor of the Irish Free State, and Mrs. James McNeill who, like almost everyone else in Dublin's fair city, are living in a state of some perplexity. H.E. Mr. James McNeill was appointed Governor of the Irish Free State in 1928. He was originally in the Indian Civil Service

## THE LETTERS OF EVE



Lenore

MISS SHEELAGH HORNING

A recent portrait of the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Horning of Ivories, Cowfold, Sussex. Miss Sheelagh Horning was presented at Court this year by her mother. Another member of the family, Mr. John Peter Horning, is a well-known member of the Jockey Club and also an owner and breeder. He bought that famous horse, Papyrus, for the stud

everyone was talking about at the York meeting? Or Royal Dancer, which has been given me as a very special tip?

After nearly a month of sunshine and a perfect calm weather at Le Touquet, I was practically blown out of the place and back to London by a fierce south-westerly gale. It was very full during my last week-end, and nearly every table in the Casino was being used. Mrs. Goldsmith, formerly Mrs. Monty Rayson and before that Miss Mann Thompson, was there on her honeymoon with her husband, and was running banks and banking with great courage and success.

Other people to be seen were the Redmond McGraths, the Archie Campbells, Mrs. Harry Lyons, and Mr. Pops d'Erlanger, who intended to fly home on the Monday, and waited at the aerodrome for a very long time before he got the message that the friends who were picking him up, en route from Deauville, had changed their minds and gone to Paris. But I expect he managed to enjoy the enforced prolonging of his visit.

There were some very pretty girls and women to be seen at the Casino. Miss Leo Highet and Miss Nancy Gibbons were a perfect foil for each other—the one fair and white, the other dark and burnt a rich and even golden brown. Miss Diana Russell was another who attracted many admiring glances. She is tall with a lovely figure and enchanting face, and she possesses charm



MRS. CLARE SHERIDAN AND MR. BARNEY BARUCH

Snapshoted at Waterloo Station just before Mr. Baruch, the well-known American financier, left to return to the States. Mrs. Clare Sheridan is the famous sculptress and writer. She is a great traveller, and one of her achievements when in Russia was a bust of the late Lenin

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.  
MY DEAR,—London, during the first few days of September, is always a half-way stopping place between the South and the North. Everyone I met last week, when I returned from Le Touquet, seemed to be just home from France or Italy and just off to Yorkshire or to Scotland.

I saw Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, looking quite lovely with her hair cut in a new way, and beautifully tanned after a week or two in Cornwall. She went North with her three children on Wednesday. And Lady Cavan was here for a few days before going off with Lord Cavan to stay at Grantully with Lord Beatty, who has a few intimate friends for the shooting.

By all accounts the grouse are good this year, and there have been some record bags on Deeside. Sad to say though, they have not been plentiful at Balmoral, and the bags have been anything but good. However, King George of Greece, who has been staying there, has enjoyed some very good stalking in the Balmoral forest, and has got one or two very fine heads. He is very anxious to get his many English friends to go more to Rumania, where in some parts the sport and the scenery are reminiscent of Scotland.

This week all the big houses on Deeside will be full for the Braemar and Aboyne Games. Lord and Lady Huntly, the Glentanars, who have had a constant stream of guests since the 12th of last month, Sir Victor Mackenzie, and the Dowager Lady Glentanar are all entertaining for these traditional gatherings and for all the dances which take place during the week.

Still more people, though, will be entertaining in Yorkshire this week. The St. Leger problem looks more difficult than ever. Will Orwell prove that his Derby running was a mistake and that he really is all that he was thought to be? Or will it be the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme's good-looking Loaningdale that

and poise that are unusual in anyone so young. Among the married women honours were divided between Mrs. Tom Bishop, who is attractive, charming, and witty, and a beautiful Russian whose name I failed to discover.

I suppose this summer will be known as the great bathing and tanning year. We bathed and tanned at Le Touquet, and by all accounts people have been doing the same thing all over Europe—at Antibes, at Aix, on the Lido, and even in Salzburg.

The lucky festival goers have been enjoying really perfect weather in Salzburg. Bathing takes place in the many lakes nearby, varied by trips into the town, for most people live in one or another of the various Schlösser dotted about the hills, going into the town itself to hear the music. Concerts take place in the morning and operatic performances at night.

The chic thing to wear is a version of the costume of the country—green or white linen jacket with gaily embroidered braces and bright silver buttons, or perhaps a checked cotton dress, rather like a child's romper, worn with straps across the shoulders, over a fanciful shirt. Visitors besiege the local tailor's shop, going on from there to raid the delectable toy-shop, where small figures, little chalets, and complete sets of ivory furniture can be bought for a song (everything is musical in Salzburg).

Many well-known people gather on the balcony of the Österreichischer Hof after the opera, where various amusing local foods can be partaken of, washed down by draughts of good light beer! Lady Cunard and Sir Thomas Beecham, Dr. Richard Strauss and Herr Bruno Walter have been among the distinguished visitors at the festival. Sir Richard Sykes and his brother and sister, Mrs. Scheffel and her daughter (she is the aunt of the two well-known young American golfers), Lord Gerald Wellesley, Miss Olga Lynn, Sir Alfred Beit, and Mr. Sidney Beer are all regular morning concert-goers. Sir Brograve and Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, Lady Honor Guinness, and Lady Carnarvon have



AT A DERBYSHIRE UNIONIST RALLY  
AT THORNBRIDGE HALL

In the picture are, at the back, Colonel E. M. Brooke-Taylor, Lord Phillimore, who retired as a captain in the H.L.I., Lord Hartington, the Duke of Devonshire's son and heir, and Captain the Hon. Evan Baillie. In front, Lady Maud Baillie, Mr. J. W. Boot, the host on this occasion, Mrs. Boot, and Lady Hartington



MRS. NICK PRINSEP  
(ANITA ELSON) AT  
"THE NIGHT OF THE  
GARTER" PREMIERE

The "wind-swept" coiffure is the last word in how to wear your hair, and the effect is definitely attractive. Austin Melford's revised version of Avery Hopwood's old farce had a great reception

the Palazzo, owned by Mrs. Toulmin. And Baroness d'Erlanger, whose guests include Mr. Oliver Messel and her very chic daughter, Princesse Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge, who has her two little girls staying with her.

Not for many years has the Lido-Venice been so full, exclusively full, shall we say, of those who have looked enough upon the summer-time Riviera during the past four years and now seek to look elsewhere. Really, the sixth row of the seats on the terrace of the Excelsior for the showing of Greta Garbo's *Grand Hotel* might have been taken from a Cochran first-night. There were Lady Cunard, Lady Mendl, Lady Castlerosse, Oliver Messel, Cecil Beaton, Tilly Losch, the Mosleys, the Duff Coopers, and those two young M.P.s, "Bob" Boothby and Brendon Bracken who, with his wild red hair, looks the personification of Red politics, whereas, of course, he is a Tory.

The film was something in the nature of catastrophe, for not all the Metro-Goldwyn horses and men could defeat the dullness of the scenario which had been taken almost word by word and comma by comma from Vicki Baum's book. The trouble is, of course, that we have all read and seen too much of *Grand Hotel* before the film

(Continued overleaf)

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AT THE GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS AT FOLKESTONE: THE HON. F. S. G. CALTHORPE, LORD TENNYSON, AND WOOLLEY

Going out to inspect the pitch on the first day of the Gentlemen v. Players. Woolley is the Players' skipper and got out l.b.w. for 23 in the first knock. The Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe got four of the Players' wickets for 52



AT A HABSBURG CHRISTENING

Queen Marie of Rumania—one of the god-mothers, and ex-King Alfonso of Spain, a god-father, at the christening of the little Archduke Stefan, son of the Archduke Anton of Habsburg and the Princess Ileana of Rumania. The baby was born at Moedling, near Vienna, on August 15. Princess Ileana is a daughter of Queen Marie of Rumania and a sister of Queen Marie of Yugoslavia

## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

could be made. Greta just avoids the ridiculous as the dancer, wearing an incredible leopard-striped coat and pill-box hat. The Barrymores struggle gamely as the little clerk and the baron, but poor Lewis Stone is made up to look like a white-eyed nigger minstrel in the part of the doctor.

\* \* \*

Much more exciting was the presence of Professor Piccard, who had flown over that afternoon with the fascinating and black-bearded General Balbo from Lake Garda after his balloon ascent. The professor is enchanting, and the first thing he did when he arrived was to plunge into the sea with his truly professorial locks streaming behind him in the water.

Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley, like nearly all the rest of the Lido population, devote hours of homage to the great god tan, but Lady Diana Cooper, Lady Castlerosse, and Tilly Losch all resolutely avoid the sun, and their whiteness stands out in marked contrast from the bronze bodies which surround them. The young Brian Guinneses have been spending a few days in Venice and were out a good deal with Lady Mary Lygon and Evelyn Waugh, whose next book, about an island of his imagination, we are eagerly awaiting.

Mr. Randolph Churchill is the most sought after young man in Venice, for he has proved himself to be the hostesses' stand-by and conversation maker at every party. Of course Princess San Faustino still directs the Lido's nocturnal gaieties with unwavering hand and unflinching voice. Like Lady Mendil, her capacity

for social activity seems to have endowed her with the secret of immortality.

\* \* \*

Aix-les-Bains, I hear, is having a wonderful season. It has the great advantage over the South of France that one can play tennis or golf without much effort or exertion in the way of finding them. Sir Robert Horne and the "Jam Sahib" play most days. So does Lord Decies, whose lovely daughter, Miss Moya Beresford, has become very expert at aquaplaning, which is all the rage in the morning on Lake Bourget. Others staying at the Splendide are Lady Guernsey and Sir Victor Sassoon. The food at the small restaurants dotted about the country in Haute Savoie has to be eaten to be believed, and can only be indulged in by those doing the cure on their *jour de repos*.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Montague, who owns that gem of a house, Breccles Hall, in Norfolk, has started on a long flying trip to China and back via Danzig, Moscow, and the East of Russia. She is going to be away for four months and fly almost continuously the whole time, which is nothing if not enterprising. As it would seem, she is terribly keen on flying and has a landing field of her own at Breccles complete with a wind-direction indicator.

Breccles is the most lovely old red-brick farm-house in the heart of the most beautiful part of Norfolk, and it possesses gardens which are walled in with the same exquisite old red brick and planted by an expert artist.

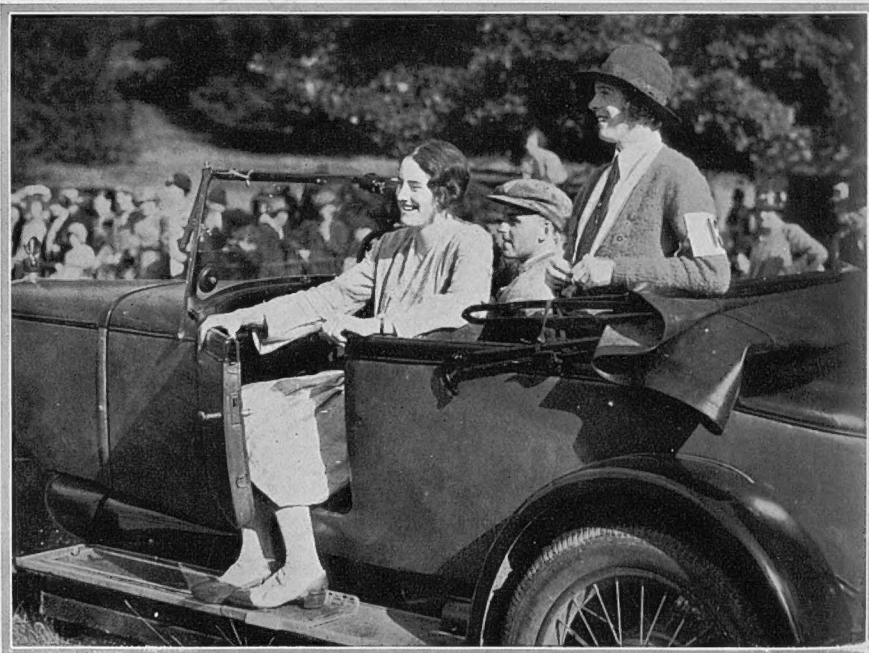
\* \* \*

Lord David Cecil's engagement to Miss Rachel MacCarthy is one of great literary interest, for her father is Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, the writer and literary critic. And his own book, "The Stricken Doe," which was a life of the poet Cowper, won the Hawthornden prize about two years ago, and was a triumph as a first effort. He is the second son of Lord Salisbury, and up to a short time ago was a don at Wadham College, Oxford. He gave that up last year and bought a small house in Edwaredes Square, Kensington, where he has made his home.

Miss MacCarthy is very young, very charming, and very attractive, with an unusually vital expression and an almost Victorian primness which makes her interestingly different from the other girls of her own age. She is the only daughter, but she has two brothers, one of whom is a medical student.

Lord David is tall and good-looking, and has an enormously wide circle of friends with whom he is extremely popular.

He has known his fiancée for some time, and she has often stayed with his family at Hatfield.—Yours ever, EVE.



AT THE WYLYE VALLEY HUNT GYMKHANA

Miss Paton, Mr. Patrick Seely, a son of General Jack Seely, and Mrs. Sykes in the Musical Chairs (motoring) event. This is rather novel, as although it has been done on ponies before now, motor-cars are not so common

More pictures of this event in next week's issue

# "GRAND HOTEL" AND GRETA GARBO



The Screen Version  
of a Stage Success



CON AMORE: GRETA GARBO AND JOHN BARRYMORE

On September 21 "Grand Hotel" arrives at the Palace Theatre as a film. This latest edition of Vicki Baum's masterpiece, made by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and directed by Edmund Goulding, had a triumphant reception in New York, and its appearance in London is certain to arouse the greatest interest. There are no fewer than five super screen stars in the gargantuan cast. Greta Garbo plays Grusinskaja, the dancer, John Barrymore is the disarming crook, Baron von Gaigern, Joan Crawford takes the part of Flaemmchen (created in the stage version by Ursula Jeans), Wallace Beery is Direktor von Preysing, and Lionel Barrymore is Kringelein, the consumptive clerk

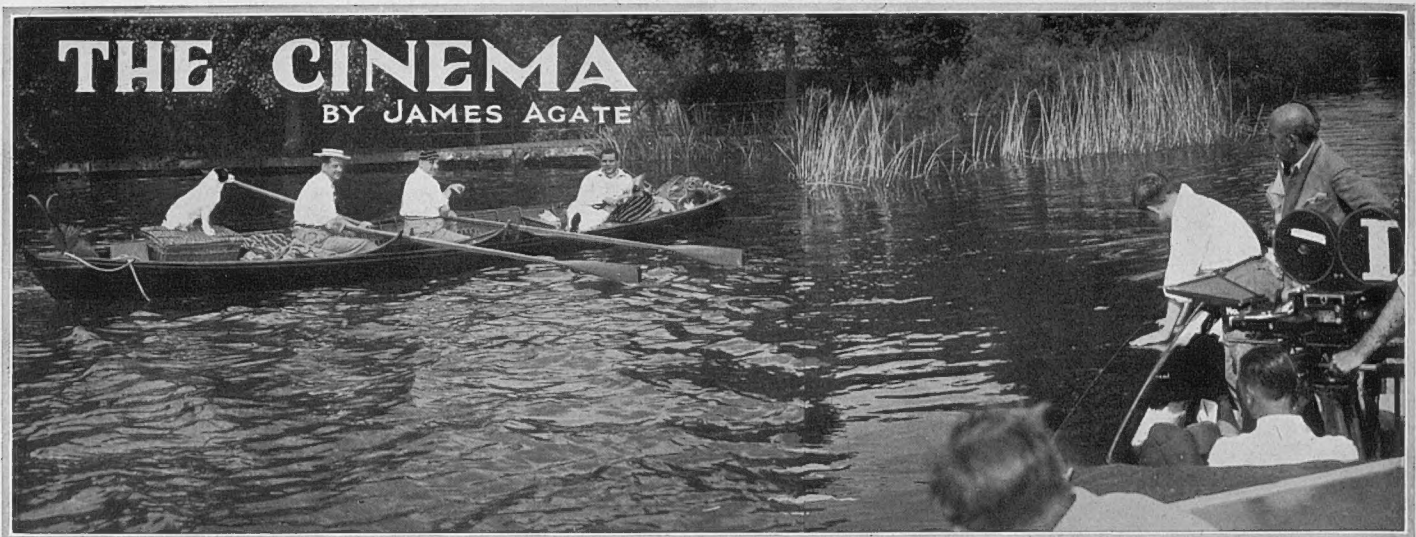


FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK AND GRETA GARBO



ROMANCE AND REMORSE

Above: Baron von Gaigern, jewel thief, keeps his head but loses his heart when discovered by Grusinskaja in her bedroom. On the left the faithful Witte (Ferdinand Gottschalk), Grusinskaja's conductor and trusted counsellor, deals diplomatically with the artistic temperament, the portrayal of which by the Garbo is perfectly done



"THREE MEN IN A BOAT" FILMED, NOT FORGETTING "MONTMORENCY"

Why it has never occurred to anyone until now to make a film of a book which possibly has made more people in the world laugh than any other no one knows. But it is being done at last in the absolutely right setting, the upper reaches of the Thames. "Billy," "George," and the inefable "Harris," also the hard-working "Montmorency" (dog to the expedition), are seen under fire from the cameras

### Mr. Laughton's Triumph

IF it were not for a certain lack of modesty in the sound of it, I should say that I return from my holiday like a giant refreshed. Here let me break off to ask why it is that only giants are permitted the act of restoration? Why should not pigmies come back to their jobs refreshed? But I remind myself that the first point about a job is sticking to the job's point. Let me, then, come at once to the new film at the Carlton, pausing merely to say that before "Lenz" stepped into my place I had not known how much of grace and charm and femininity could beat beneath the bosom of a *locum tenens*.

In *Devil and the Deep*, Hollywood, it appears, has discovered the great English actor, Mr. Charles Laughton. Indeed, several of my colleagues have been twitting the English film companies with letting America steal the goods which have been on our own door-step. Exactly. Mr. Laughton has for some years been on the door-step of English popular appreciation; he has never quite got inside, though those intelligent fellows, the dramatic critics, have long hailed him as a very great actor indeed. Here I permit myself to say that the easiest way of estimating the greatness of our Charles is to ask any other actor's opinion, whereupon it is even betting that the word "amateur" will find its way into the conversation within the next two minutes, meaning, of course, that Laughton had made greater strides in the art of acting before entering the profession than the average actor has made when he leaves it. But the public never went all the way with the critics in their admiration, and it needed just the journey to Hollywood to make this player's reputation among the people he left behind. I do not suppose Mr. Laughton is a better artist now than he was a year ago; I do suppose that so far as Mr. Laughton and the public are concerned it is a better public than it was a year ago. Indeed, I now confidently look to the day when Mr. Laughton arrives back on these shores, when I presume we shall accord a terrific welcome to the "great American film star." Only, I suggest, that the port at which Mr. Laughton is unloaded be not Scarborough, since at Scarborough reside those who can recognize a Yorkshireman when they see one.

The film at the Carlton is good without being very good. It is good because in less than a minute of his first appearance Mr. Laughton has made it clear that here is not the ordinary film dummy but a man of flesh and blood, not very prepossessing flesh, perhaps, and distinctly bad blood! Charles is a submarine commander with a quaint knack of reporting as inefficient any and all of his lieutenants who have the misfortune to be attracted by his wife and, as this lady is impersonated by Miss Tallulah Bankhead, it would appear that the submarine arm of the Hollywood Navy is likely to be unpeopled or at least dis-officered. It is curious, by the way, with what varying kindness the film camera treats different people. In the present case it has made Laughton positively debonair, though nothing could lessen the acreage of what some neo-Georgian poet has called the "champagne of his chops." It is because I dote so much on Charles—and it would not take more than one wild horse to drag from me the secret of his first critical champion—that I permit myself

to gloat over the dissimilarity with, say, Mr. Jack Buchanan. Yet, lo and behold! in the present case the camera has made a very reasonable Adonis of him. But what on earth has happened to the one and only Tallulah? Havoc is hardly the word to describe what the camera has done to those more than attractive features. As I remember, Tallulah's face used to be round; now it is as long as the Garbo's or the Dietrich's on hearing of a new triumph by the Dressler. The eye-brows, too, suggest a landscape of the Dolomite country by Picasso. But how marvellously she plays! Tallulah was always a good actress; now she is distinctly better than good. Her whole performance is marked by a feverish containment; in fact she makes her screen heroine behave exactly as a woman would do in real life though, of course, with all the heightening essential in a work of art. This fine pair of artists turn poor Mr. Gary Cooper into a mere talking doll. I am, unfortunately, unacquainted with the American Navy, otherwise I should perhaps not be so much astonished when this 6 ft. 4 in. of obvious gangsterism, encountered one evening by Tallulah in a low Persian (?) bazaar, turns out next morning to be the newly-joined lieutenant.

In the end the submarine puts to sea with all concerned on board, the commander having conceived the happy notion of getting the boat rammed by a liner, whereby he will obtain proof of his new lieutenant's inefficiency. For he has guessed in less than no time how matters stand between the young pair, and we with equal insight have perceived that the commander is no longer sane. The submarine is duly driven across the bows of an approaching leviathan, and water immediately fills all its compartments save one in which the crew assemble and stand around while the trio discuss the sentimental aspect of the situation. There is no question of the electric light failing, or the floor assuming an unusual angle, or any other of the normal concomitants of submarine shipwreck, while the only dampness is the dew on Laughton's brow! Indeed, at this point the film subsides into graceful lunacy and interest vanishes, though the early part of it is magnificent. But when it comes to our Tallulah gathering her skirts about her and, as it were some modern Venus rising gracefully from the ocean-bed via the conning-tower—why, then I dive for my hat. Nevertheless, the evening, all things considered, is an excellent one. The magnates of the film industry are notorious for being better judges of the public pulse than any other class of showman. It is interesting, therefore, to note the relative importance attached to the stars in this film, judged by those preliminary shots which in the cinema take the place of programmes. First, Miss Bankhead and Mr. Gary Cooper are thrown on to the screen in letters no larger than that of the rag, tag, and bob-tail of the company, after which there is a pause, and then Mr. Laughton has the screen all to himself in letters yards high. Hollywood appears to have no doubt about him, and it is to be hoped that the English public will now cease to have any uncertainty about this great artist. The merit of his performance is that it suggests an infinity of character and will. It is not important whether you like or dislike Laughton; the point is that so long as you sit in the theatre the character he is presenting matters to you.



SIR WALTER AND LADY DE FRECE.  
TWO OF MONTE CARLO'S HABITUÉS



CAPTAIN AND MRS. VERNON TATE AT LE TOUQUET

## GONE ABROAD



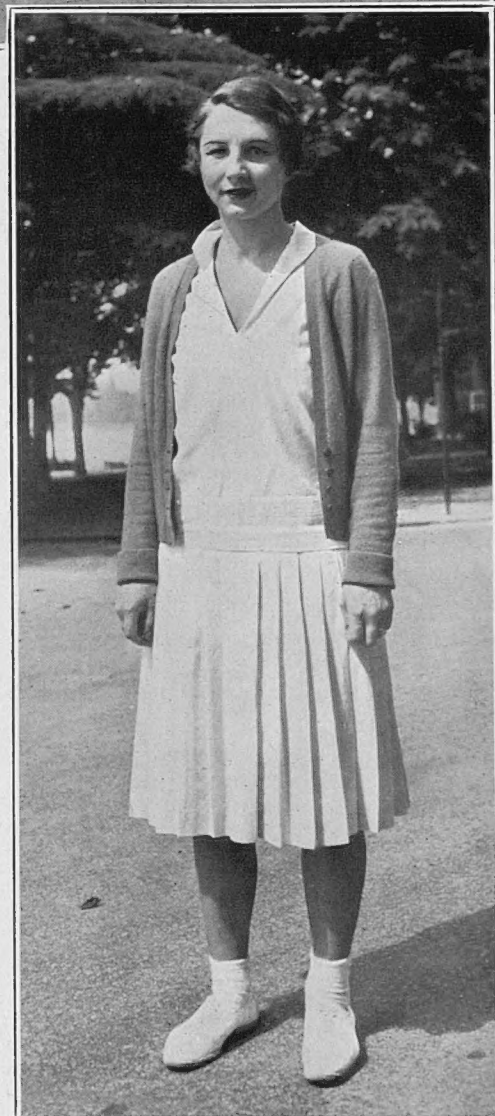
MAJOR EUSTACE QUILTER, MISS FRANKLIN, AND MR.  
PERCY QUILTER AT THE GOLF HOTEL, LE TOUQUET

Major Eustace Quilter and Mr. Percy Quilter are very addicted to Le Touquet, where they play golf every day quite regardless of any heat wave that happens to be present. They are brothers of Sir Cuthbert Quilter and of Mr. Roger Quilter, the famous composer. Miss Franklin comes from South America, and possesses a particularly discriminating taste in clothes. On the right is the one and only Ambrose, caught by the camera after bathing. He and his famous band recently paid Monte Carlo a visit, and everyone hurried to hear them. Just before he left Ambrose tried his luck at the baccarat tables, and according to report brought off some sensational coups

Pictorial news from various pleasant sun-spots is presented here. Sir Walter and Lady de Frece are very faithful to Monte Carlo, and have a delightful *appartement* there. Captain and Mrs. Vernon Tate have been spending the season at Le Touquet with their small daughter, Virginia, who can be seen above. Mrs. Tate is Lord de Clifford's mother



AMBROSE AT MONTE CARLO



MRS. WILLS-MOODY AT MONTREUX

The world's champion lady lawn tennis player is now in Switzerland with her husband, Mr. Frank Moody—their first real holiday since their marriage. Tournaments are ignored, as Mrs. Wills-Moody wants to rest and to paint some of the lovely views which the Lake of Geneva provides. Later they may go on to Italy

# Racing Ragout : "GUARDRAIL"

By

"GUARDRAIL"

THERE can be no question that York is one of the most difficult places at which to back winners, and has always been so. It is the Ascot of northern racing, and produces as many upsets. All the alleged crack two-year-olds went down, and the Gimcrack was even won by the second string from Frank Butters' stable, which beat Coroado and Solar Boy, with consummate ease. Truly, the Free Handicap will want some making this year! The winner being by Son-in-Law should stay, and may train on if he will grow down to his rather long legs.

Everyone seemed in a desperate hurry to get away from York, and the special was crowded. And what a crowd! The greatest devotee of racing could not call the majority of Tattersallians anything but unprepossessing, and it is a study to walk along the train and look into the carriages. Any Gentle with gold dentures would do well to cover them with sticking-plaster or chewing-gum before venturing amongst them. The bookmaker is generally more than unkindly represented in caricature as an obese Yiddish gentleman with a large cigar. The photographs of the people who get a living out of him make his caricature look like it was copied from a stained glass window in the Vatican. No wonder the railways show a good loss on working if their general organization is on a par with their restaurant-car business. Such a train-load one would think would be looked upon as Corban, a manna from heaven for the bar on a four-hour trip, and yet the food supply was reduced to bread and cheese only in the first hour, and gin, whisky, and even soda water were done before Grantham was reached. Many men reached King's Cross that night with cracked lips and tongues as black as a Chow's with thirst. Personally I was saved from this torture by a complete stranger, sitting opposite, who produced and proffered a half-bottle of whisky. I do not know who he was. He might have been a reincarnation of Sir Philip Sidney; but from the fact that he thought Harrogate, his home town, a great place, I can only surmise he was some great-hearted undertaker or chemist.

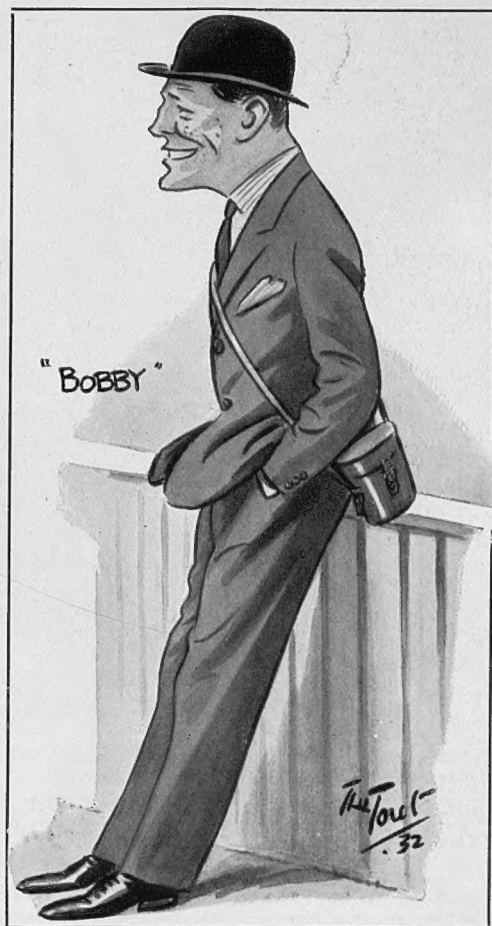
Gatwick on the Friday and the Saturday made one feel more at home, with its conventional selling plates and long-distance races, for the same old horses, Arctic Star, Joyous Greeting, Bestobell, etc., finishing up with a race for horses to see which wasn't the worst. The going was very hard and rather rough, and in consequence fields ruled small, but not small enough to prevent most of the considered "good things" going wrong. Ste. Therese and Sweet Olive from Beck-hampton both got beat, and even this didn't stop Gordon Richards from scoring his hat trick again on the second day. Ste. Therese *did* look good, as, barring the winner, the rest didn't look fit enough to get more than 3 furlongs. Victor Smyth quite expected Shell of Gold to win, but not so strongly as Sarony on the first day. This one, ring-bones and all, was cheaply bought in, and ranks with Miss Elegance and Co. amongst the best platers seen out this year. Mr. Donn generally seems to get hold of a good one, and calls them after his various brands of cigarettes, such as Army Club, who was a money spinner last year.



MISS "BUNTY" PUCKLE AND MRS. LESLIE

An achievement in caricature inspired at a recent race meeting. This week, and also last week, most of the regulars were up in the North for York and Derby, and to-day for Doncaster

And now for the Leger and Doncaster. It seems impossible to put more than two horses in it: the second in the Derby, Dastur, and the winner of the Oaks, Udaipur, unless you fancy Orwell to stay, and can forgive him his lapse and absence from a racecourse, and April the Fifth his leg trouble and unorthodox preparation, mostly in the sea. Dastur has improved and grown into a lovely horse, but he has never run like a stayer, and though, taking his classic form, he should be



THE HON. BOBBY WATSON

Caught at a moment when he was contemplating another tilt at the ring. The Hon. Bobby Watson is one of Lord Manton's brothers

saved on, I am convinced that Udaipur, with ordinary luck, will be the winner. Each way she should be cast-iron, copper-bottomed, and jewelled in every hole. Violator will have to show such marked improvement in speed and form to be in the picture, and Loaningdale I cannot fancy.

A most charming horse, he ran and won at York only half trained, and there cannot be the time for, nor one would imagine could he stand, a forced preparation, seeing he has been absent from a racecourse and out of strong work for so long, from some trouble. If he can be got right he should be a great horse next year. With a slight boom just before Doncaster week perhaps the sales may show an upward tendency. With horses at their present price, about one-fifth of what they used to make, and stakes in most cases the same as before, to a buyer with judgment yearlings must be a good investment.

The entries for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire being out, occasioning a budget of price lists every morning, makes one realize what a short time there is to go in which to make one's winter's keep, if not already in that enviable position. It would seem that at 20 to 1 the field for the Cesarewitch, one ought to be able to find the winner in five or six, but the Doncaster Cup and Newbury Cup results may upset one's calculations altogether. There are in this year's race two or three *class* horses and, if left in, the winner will come from them. Udaipur, Ut Majeur, and Orpen make a good trio from Frank Butters, and if Brulette from Beck-hampton stands her ground the winner should be amongst these. Disarmament, on his breeding and past performances, seems a funny entry, but perhaps Mr. Clayton has got another Six Wheeler.

# UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY!



AT DERBY RACES: LIEUT.-COLONEL H. BRACE, MR. KAY KNOWLES, AND MRS. TOM PEARSON



AT THE HON. JOHN PEARSON'S SHOOT

Included in this group, left to right down the picture, are: Mr. Anthony Murray, the Hon. Brenda Pearson, Mr. Foster, the Hon. G. Hamilton-Russell, the Hon. John Pearson, Mr. P. W. Pitt, the Hon. John Hare, the Hon. R. Hamilton-Russell; sitting—the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Murray, the Hon. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, the Hon. Nancy Pearson, Miss Anstice Crawley (with camera), and the Hon. Mrs. G. Hamilton-Russell



AT THE BRAMHAM MOOR PONY CLUB MEETING: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL, THE EARL OF HAREWOOD, VISCOUNT LASCELLES, AND THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES

The Bramham Moor Hunt section of the Pony Club had its meeting in the grounds of Wetherby, and the entries and the weather were both all that could be desired. The Princess Royal's two little sons were amongst the competitors. The big attraction of the Derby meeting was to see Mr. J. A. Dewar's Leger colt, Violator. He is so well bred to stay, and won that 1 mile 5 furlongs race at Liverpool in July so readily, that it is not surprising that so many people think of following "lucky Dewar." The going was quite definitely firm at Derby. Violator, who was beaten but not disgraced at Derby, is by Hurry On out of the Oaks winner, Love in Idleness, and the Hermit (Newminster) and St. Simon (Galopin) blood he has in him ought to be as good as a bank-note for a long journey



ANOTHER DERBY PICTURE: MR. KENNETH WILSON AND LADY LICHFIELD



SIR HARRY LAUDER

D. W. Laing

A very happy picture of Scotland's most famous comedian, taken at a Sale of Work at Blairgowrie. After performing the opening ceremony Sir Harry Lauder did the round of the stalls to some purpose

### Sequels.

**A**LAS! never anything twice! At least, never anything *nice*. Only the boring interludes seem capable of reproducing themselves exactly for ever and ever. But the loveliest moments—just once and then never again! But it takes almost a whole life-time of experience to realize the futility of trying to repeat former joys. Something always seems to go wrong—even if it be but the mood of enjoyment. Few things are more disappointing. Happy memories are safer. For one of the most exasperating aspects of sheer happiness is that it always comes upon us unawares and never when quite expected. So we are cheated of that period of lovely anticipation, against which the period of regret that we did not squeeze every drop of joy out of the moment when it arrived only adds to our sense of loss. On the other hand we can nearly always see trouble miles ahead. It casts its horrid shadow before as well as behind. Happiness, however, usually comes like a lightning flash and dazzles us so much for a moment that we don't realize how happy we are until the light has gone out. Such a disappointing glimpse of paradise! So if we are rather young and very foolish we try to stage it again. Everything we plan to be as it was before the flash; with the exception that we shall have all the joy of looking forward, all the thrill of certain expectation. So it happens again. But this time, alas, it is not so much a flash of lightning as a small candle-flame wobbling in a breeze. Something has gone terribly wrong somewhere, though everything was so nicely prepared! So we are made miserable and thus totally

# With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

unbelieving when the next flash of happiness comes along. We didn't expect it from that direction at all. We had been looking for it in quite another way. So life goes on and happiness is like chasing rainbows. And, like rainbows, there is some legend that after a rainbow it "ain't goin' to rain no mo'." But it does. And it can easily ruin a perfectly good new hat. So at length we achieve a philosophy which courageously prepares for the worst, and life turns out to be much happier than we expected as a consequence.

### Either in Front or Behind.

**Y**et, if only we *knew* when we were happy. Alas, we don't. Years ago, I can remember, I felt perfectly miserable, lonely, frustrated, disillusioned. But if I could go back, taking with me the man-I-am, but without his present worries, I should feel as light-hearted as an air balloon at the seaside which has escaped its sticky-handed owner. It is not that worries become heavier as we get older, only worries worry us more when all we ask of life is a bit o' peace towards the end, please God. Moreover, usually our later troubles offer not the least encouragement to play *Hamlet* in our immediate circle, or force us towards some lonely mountain top there to throw metaphorical javelins at destiny. No, they simply gnaw like toothache, and are just as trying to the temper, or they loom like a thunder-cloud threatening to catch us without a metaphorical mackintosh, and end in one drop of rain. Never do they make us feel as if we must go out at once to stage a dramatic suicide. They merely make us bad-tempered, and envy Adam in his Eden with only one person to annoy him. And yet, so far as happiness goes, we ask so very little towards the last. We have found that to ask twice for any lovely experience is usually to get a double dose of just exactly what we do not want. In happiness there are no sequels, only anti-climaxes and fourth acts. Even to think of sequels is to invite a snub. With either you, or the other, or with fate, sequels are never popular, at least not the

kind of repetition which you and the other most desire. Even the identical pudding never tastes the same twice. While, as for the second act of a past friendship after a long interval, it is just about as dangerous as for a middle-aged man to wear a straw hat and to imagine that thus he has recaptured something of his lost youth. (Incidentally, middle-aged men seem to be the only ones to wear them. I have the boater-urge myself.) And so it is that when authors write sequels to their own stories they are pushing their pens over very dangerous ground. Usually readers of the former book are disappointed, while readers only of the sequel are bewildered. The disappointment usually comes from the characters losing some of their glamour in resuscitation; the bewilderment from realizing that the characters are supposed to be glamorous and not being able to understand the reason why? And something of this disappointment and bewilderment will, I believe, attend Mr.



Dorothea Widding

### MARCH COST

Whose new novel, "A Man Named Luke," a brilliant study of a surgeon's life, will be published by Collins on September 19. March Cost is, in private life, Miss Peggy Morrison, daughter of Mrs. Arthur Morrison, C.B.E. Every member of her family has achieved literary distinction

Hugh Walpole's "The Fortress" (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.), which continues the "Herries" chronicles for another 811 pages. Speaking personally, some light seems to have gone out of Walter Herries and Judith Paris, leaving them a little dull and stagey. Readers who now meet the Herries family and their emotional ramifications for the first time will, I should not be in the least surprised, wonder why Walter still pursues Jennifer Herries and Judith with such undying hatred when the causes of this animosity are apparently, for

(Continued on p. 402)

## A CONNOISSEUR?

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



"I want some castor oil, Mr. Tugg, but the last lot I 'ad from you didn't taste so good to me"

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

the most part, merely some trouble years ago over a fan. Also, exactly why this terrible hatred should have descended upon Uhland towards Jennifer's son John, unless, of course, for the dramatic possibilities inherent in such a murderous obsession. On the other hand, some readers may think that, considering the book runs to over eight hundred pages, strangely little happens, nor are the Herries chronicles advanced much further towards any definite and comprehensive conclusion. Nevertheless, almost every page has interest. Descriptions of such historical, political, sporting, and literary events as struck across the years lying between 1825 and 1875 fill in the story itself brilliantly, without ever actually belonging to it. Miraculously enough, however, you are never bored. Only sometimes you feel that as much might have been told us at far less length. Like a wonderful sermon, which has, nevertheless, gone on too long, you are aware before its end that you are no longer being "carried out of yourself" and that the seat is hard. All the same, I can imagine that if you read "The Fortress," you will want to read the earlier books, "Rogue Herries" and "Judith Paris," and having read them will look forward to the final volume, "Vanessa," promised next year. So all is well.

\* \*

## A Real Holiday Book.

"Big Business" (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.), by A. S. M. Hutchinson, is no sequel to anything, but it could easily have sequels of its own. Lots of them. For it has only threads of plots and is really a series of hilarious scenes which at some time or other have burst into Mr. Hutchinson's vision or flashed across his mind. It is youthful and jolly and not superior to a poor pun. And to that kind of thing there is

no end. At least no natural one. On the other hand, the final scene of "Big Business" is certainly conclusive. All the characters, which are arbitrarily assembled by their creator in the dressed provisions department of Stupendities Ltd., are met by a storm of rissoles! You see, they happened to be all there just when rissoles had got on the nerves of the chef whose destiny for forty years it had been to make them. You can sympathize with him, can't you? To be born, to grow-up, to love, to suffer, and to die, yet always to make rissoles! Well, I suppose that always to eat rissoles might be worse, but not much. Anyway, that is only the last episode of a story which makes you laugh, as always you laugh at people standing at bay in ridiculous attitudes making ridiculous scenes. For instance, what could be more ridiculous than a will which left seven pug dogs as important beneficiaries? Only happily, there happened to be an Alsatian which simplified matters considerably. More than a little ridiculous, too, is the rightful heir and his big swindle, which is not a real swindle after all. But the whole book is pleasant fun. Mr. Hutchinson is an optimist, but happily not one of those tiresome optimists who insist upon turning their silly faces always towards the sun, even when there isn't any. He is just out to give you a taste of schoolboy humour in his new book and, for my part, he succeeds. I like high-spirited absurdity.

## The Woman who would do Good.

All the same, though my actual laughter was less exuberant, I was inwardly much more amused by Miss Ann Parrish's new story, "Loads of Love" (Benn. 7s. 6d.). Do you remember her previous novel, "All Kneeling," and how she laid bare the daily awfulness of a woman who insisted upon limelight and slow music wherever she went in life and, strangely enough, got it? In her new book she has taken another common human feminine type and given us a devastating satire, so near to the truth, however, that the victims themselves may possibly miss it. Bessie Plummer, unmarried, rich, bursting with human affection and helpfulness, unloads all these virtues on people and always with the most disastrous results! More than warm-hearted, her heart is boiling, and it scalds everyone who comes in contact with it. Yet still Miss Plummer glories in her love for all the world. She has only to see a lily to yearn to make it golden. For instance, Edward and Katherine accept her invitation to spend the summer at her country home. At the same time Jenny is invited down, too, with the consequence that Edward forsakes Katherine and ruins her happiness, his own career, and a few more people's peace of mind. Several deaths ultimately could be

laid at the door of Bessie's good intentions. Indeed, Miss Parrish has given us a brilliant character-study of a too generous, too warm-hearted, too tactless woman. Moreover, all the subsidiary characters are life-like. Indeed, "Loads of Love" amused me secretly more than any book I have read for a long time. It is a devastating picture of a certain definite feminine type.

\* \*

## Edgar Wallace.

For years we all wondered how on earth the late

Edgar Wallace managed to write so many novels, plays, sporting notes, per week, per month, per year. . . . And why? It seemed almost inhuman. Well, in "Edgar Wallace—Each Way" (Long. 7s. 6d.), by Robert G. Curtis, who was for nineteen years Wallace's secretary, we are told some at least of the sad truth. Edgar Wallace's astonishing output was not due to any divine afflatus, so to speak, but to chronic impecuniosity. When he made a £100, he immediately spent two. When he made a thousand he was thrice as many pounds beyond his income. He made a fortune, several fortunes, but his spending powers were invariably ahead of them all. In his youth he knew the direst poverty, but thanks to his own efforts alone he might have been "broke" for millions if fate had not stepped in so tragically. Mr. Curtis is very amusing over Edgar Wallace's exploits on the turf. As a judge of horses, as owner, or as backer, he seems to have lost consistently. It is sad, however, to realize that a man who had fought his way up so bravely, and who by his own efforts had created for himself a niche in the literature of mystery and crime, should have visited Hollywood at the end only as a tired man attempting to retrieve a desperate financial position. Yet, he was still unbeaten. He might easily have succeeded in amassing another fortune, for, Mr. Curtis tells us, he quickly showed a full grasp of the technicalities of film construction, while his flair for a good plot was undimmed.



These are artificial flowers, aren't they, waitress?  
Yes, sir, that's the worst of a vegetarian restaurant.

If we use real flowers the customers eat them



WE GOLFERS: From left—MR. JAMES INNES, MR. G. JAMIESON, MR. TOMMY STEELE, MISS B. STEELE, MISS DIANA ESMOND, MISS ALINE DE GUNSBURG, MISS LULU ESMOND, AND MR. F. W. RICARDO

## TEE FOR SEVERAL

How Society Plays the Game at North Berwick



MRS. FITZGERALD AND MRS. RICARDO



THE HON. LAURENCE AND MRS. METHUEN AND THEIR SONS AT THE STARTER'S BOX

Stephen, the starter, is a great personality at North Berwick, and Christopher and David Methuen were gratified at making his acquaintance. The Hon. Laurence Methuen, Field-Marshal Lord Methuen's youngest son, married the Hon. Olive Campbell, the late Lord Blythwood's only daughter, in 1927. Their home, Innischonain, is on Loch Awe, but they often spare a week or two to go and play golf either at North Berwick or on one of its many neighbouring courses. Lieut.-Colonel Wilfrid Ricardo is also tremendously keen about the great game and hits the ball shrewdly. He used to be in the Blues, and his son, who appears in the top group, is in the Leicestershire Yeomanry. Mrs. Ricardo, a daughter of the late Mr. Isaac Bell, is an American and very popular

Photographs by Balmain

The camera struck lucky at North Berwick when it discovered this row of enthusiastic but patient young golfers. Mr. Jamieson is a Cambridge Blue and Secretary to the University G.C. Miss Diana Esmond first made her name in golfing circles by winning the Girls' Championship, and her sister Lulu is fancied for this year's event. Their cousin, Miss de Gunsbourg, will also be competing at Stoke Poges on September 14



LIEUT.-COLONEL WILFRID RICARDO



AT THE BANBURY HORSE SHOW

Mr. Philip Dunne, M.F.H., the new Joint Master of the Warwickshire, Mrs. Dunne, and Mr. C. S. Drabble. Mr. Dunne now starts his first season with Lord Willoughby de Broke, and the auspices are of the happiest. They have a most promising entry and all the old hounds they want, and all looks very well

A MOST interesting letter arrives to me from New South Wales from someone a good many people know very well in the English polo world, especially anyone who lives in the West Country. He asks me not to publish his name; but as a polo expert of his class does not go to Australia every day, and as he does not object to its being mentioned that he played for the winning Goulburn team in the Gilbulla Cup at Cobbitty, about 50 miles from Sydney, substitute for the Goulburn captain, J. H. Ashton, who was *hors de combat* with bronchitis, it is just about the same thing as printing his name in capital letters. The Goulburn (N.S.W.) polo team, which defeated Assamanders (rec. 5) by 9 to 8 in the final of the Australian Polo Club's Gilbulla Cup Competition at Cobbitty, was P. Ashton, G. Ashton, R. R. Ashton, and R. R. Smart. We all know how well this Goulburn team went in London in 1930, and also how it performed in America after it left us, and what my correspondent suggests is that the authorities at home, when next they are looking for an International, ought not to leave Australia out. If I may recall the fact, a rather similar suggestion was made in these notes in 1930, but then, of course, the opportunity was rather a late one, because our mobilization for the "War" v. America was practically complete, and the revelation of Australian brilliancy came as a bolt from the blue. The selectors could not be expected to recast their scheme at short notice, though I know that quite a lot of people thought after seeing what Goulburn did to our best—in the Championship, for instance—that it would have been a very good thing if it had been decided to take some of that team out as a reserve. Before going any further—and I think by the same token that a very interesting vista of discussion is opened—I will quote the main part of this correspondent's letter, which is dated from Sydney, July 12, and has therefore taken a bit of time *en route*.

\* \* \*

My correspondent writes:—

Having been a very regular reader of your notes in THE TATLER for many years and knowing your keenness in trying to solve the difficulties of future International teams, I am sending you a few lines regarding some of the players in

## POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

N.S.W. I have been out here for a year and have played a certain amount of polo. Owing to the depression there has been very little polo played, but there is little doubt that it has the greatest following of any country. Two years ago over 7,000 people attended the final of the Lady Dudley's Cup. I think I am right in saying well over £2,000 was taken in gate money. At the tournament just finished (cuttings enclosed) the attendance was very large, most of the onlookers having to motor thirty-five to fifty miles, Cobbitty being that distance from Sydney.

I have no hesitation in saying that the polo here is a goodish bit faster and rougher than what one generally sees in London or in Regimental polo, this fact being verified by several well-known Indian officers who have discussed the matter with me. The Ashton brothers naturally are the best team. Their experience in America and England has improved their game out of all knowledge, and they have collected a really top class stud. Having ridden and played most of these ponies, I can confidently say that they are top-notchers. As you most probably know, I have played in most of the trial games at Norton, so have more or less a rough idea of the players and ponies required for the International. Having studied Geoff. Ashton's play I consider he would make the best International No. 1, a position that he played in before the trip to England, of any player that I have seen for years. He has improved at least a point since last year. I consider him definitely a superior player to those that were tried or played in 1930. His hitting is very sure and he gets a lot of distance on to it; he is beautifully mounted, knows how to mix it, a very important point v. America, has no fear, and is a very good shot at goal. Another player here, Irwin Maple Brown, handicap 8, is a great player. I consider if these two boys had Pat Roark and Humphrey Guinness behind them, America would have to get her thinking cap on. Having been used to this hard galloping rough game (they never go slow here) they are just the sort that should be taken in hand and given every chance. They both have the ponies that are needed.

I know people would say G. G. Ashton put up a bad show when tried last year. It must be remembered he played at No. 2, the most difficult spot on the polo field. This boy, with the proper schooling, would be good enough to represent any country. I think the authorities have been more than kind to India, and now they should give this country a little attention.

I think polo will soon be on the up-grade. The new Government has brightened the outlook of sport. Polo expenses here are very small, the keep and stabling being cheap in comparison with England.

The Tournament just held was a great success. Having played with the Hurricanes and other London teams and in America I can quite truthfully say the final of the Gilbulla Cup was the fastest and roughest I've had the pleasure to participate in! What is sadly lacking is a good referee—nobody seems to know the rules. Young Skein, aged seventeen, handicap 4, his second season, is going to turn out a star. He stands just over 6 ft., rides beautifully, hits a tremendously long ball, and all he wants is experience. He is going to India with his father, Curtis Skein, handicap 8, in October with

(Continued on p. x)



MR. BILL BRUNSKILL, M.F.H., AND THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE HOUNDS

Mr. Brunskill is now starting his second season as Master of the South Oxfordshire, and the news is that he has a good entry. He used to hunt the Easton Harriers (Suffolk)

## ROYALTY AND OTHERS IN THE SOUTHERN SUN



T.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE GEORGE AT BIARRITZ

Their Royal Highnesses went straight to Biarritz after their visit to the Mediterranean Fleet at Corfu and coming back with the ships to Malta. Even when Royalty is on a strict holiday it never manages to find a dug-out deep enough to defeat the camera gun-man, and this picture is one of the proofs of this. Biarritz, which is very full, is a first-class place for sun, sea air and relaxation. Josephine Baker is that clever coloured comédienne who has built up such a world-wide reputation for herself. M. Pouishnoff, the great pianist, has recovered from a quite severe attack of neuritis, thanks to a strenuous course of sun- and mud-bathing at beautiful Bagni. Lord Castlerosse's attractive wife achieved a quite unstudied pose for the picture on this page—and a most successful one



AT JUAN-LES-PINS: JOSEPHINE  
BAKER AND A FEW FRIENDS



LADY CASTLEROSSE (AT THE LIDO)  
(LEFT): M. POUISHNOFF (AT BAGNI)

## OUT OF DOOR DAYS



*R. B. Bolton*  
THE DOWAGER LADY ALLENDALE, LADY ILCHESTER AND THE  
HON. MRS. GILPIN AND HER DAUGHTERS AT BYWELL HALL



*Balmain*  
H.R.H. PRINCESS HÉLÈNE OF RUMANIA (centre) AT NORTH  
BERWICK, WITH MISS K. HORLICK AND MISS FORSTER



*Poole, Dublin*  
SIR EDMOND AND LADY HODSON AT HOME

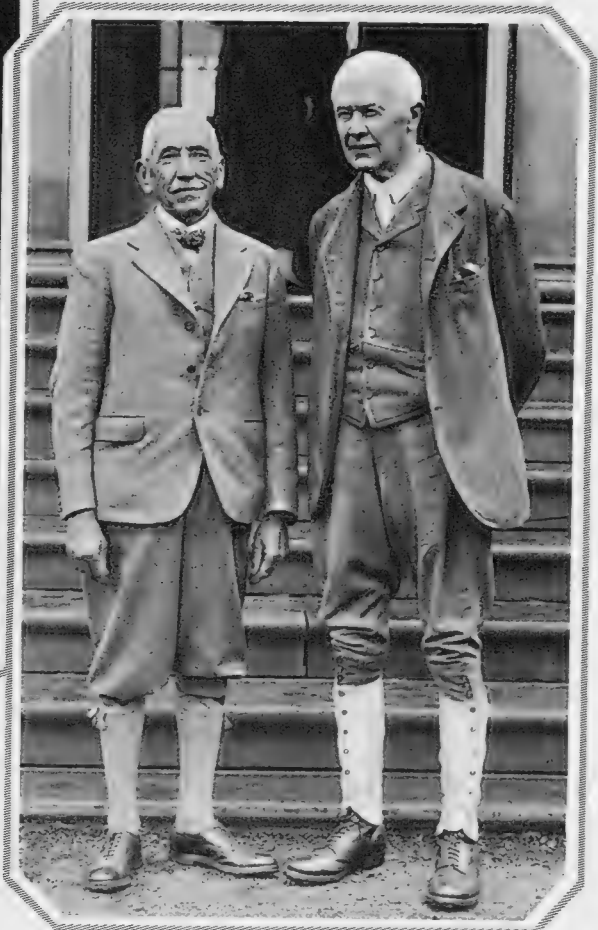


*Ian Smith*  
MR. J. DUMAINE, LADY DORIS GUNSTON AND MISS HELEN HUGHES UP NORTH

Country-house gatherings are important fixtures in the social diary at this time of year. The Dowager Lady Allendale has been entertaining a family party at Bywell Hall, in Northumberland, her guests including her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Gilpin, her granddaughters, Patsy and Beatrice Gilpin, and her niece, Lady Ilchester. Further north, at Greywalls, Gullane, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. James Horlick have been honoured by a visit from the former Queen of Rumania. H.R.H. Princess Hélène is seen here with the daughter of the house, Miss Katherine Horlick, Miss Sheila Forster and Chang the Peke. Major Sir Edmond and Lady Hodson were photographed at Holybrooke, their charming home near Bray, in Co. Wicklow. A son joined the family circle in May. The remaining picture was taken at Lord and Lady Novar's place in Fife, Raith, where the former Premier of Australia, the Rt. Hon. William Hughes, and Dame Mary Hughes and their daughter, Miss Helen Hughes, have recently been staying



**LORD AND LADY FORSTER'S HOUSE-PARTY AT LEPE HOUSE, HANTS**  
In this group at Lepe, Lord Forster's seat at Exbury, near Southampton, are: In front, Mr. J. Beaumont Pease, Lord Avebury, the Hon. Mrs. Pease, Lady Forster, Lord Forster and Julian Pitt-Rivers. At back, on the steps, are: Miss Moira Lubbock, Michael Pitt-Rivers, the Hon. Mrs. Pitt-Rivers and Christopher and Billy Pease



*Ian Smith*  
**AT RAITH KIRKCALDY: THE RT. HON. WILLIAM HUGHES AND LORD NOVAR**



*Poole, Dublin*

**RACING AT PHOENIX PARK**  
(Left to right) Mrs. McMahon, the Rt. Hon. James McMahon, P.C., the Hon. Mrs. Ian Campbell, and Lord Beaverbrook

Lord and Lady Forster's party at Lepe was a real family reunion, as the Hon. Mrs. Pease is one of their daughters and her husband is seen in the front row of the picture, and the Hon. Mrs. Pitt-Rivers is another, and the various grand-children fill in the picture. The young Lord Avebury is Mrs. Beaumont Pease's son by her first husband, the late Captain the Hon. Harold Lubbock. The Rt. Hon. William Hughes was Australia's war Premier during the time Lord Novar was Governor-General, so the reunion at Raith Kir'ca'dy was a very happy one. Lord Beaverbrook and his daughter are having a motor tour through Ireland, and Mr. McMahon was Under-Secretary for Ireland, 1918-22. The Hon. Mrs Campbell is the wife of Mr. Ian Campbell, heir-presumptive to the Dukedom of Argyll. Lady Violet Bonham-Carter is an aunt of the present Lord Oxford and Asquith



*Balmain*

**AT NORTH BERWICK: LADY VIOLET BONHAM-CARTER AND HER SON RAYMOND**



MRS. ROD LA ROCQUE (VILMA BANKY)

Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque have both made a lot of money on the films. She has retired and has gone to her home town, Budapest, with her husband. She achieved great success with the late Rudolf Valentino in "The Son of the Sheik" and with Ronald Colman in "The Dark Angel." Vilma's very pronounced Hungarian accent proved unsuitable for talking pictures, but none the less, at the age of 27, she was able to retire with a large fortune.

**T**RÈS CHER,—Before leaving Paris again (for, of course, I had to—in this weather), I barged into quite a lot of pals who were also "passing through"! In the old days the idiom was "between two trains," but since nobody travels by rail nowadays, except the multi-millionaires . . . I met Colette, who was up from St. Tropez, where she has a delightful summer home on a lil' beach, all her own, away from the harbour crowd and the night clubs. She was looking wonderfully brown and hearty, and is delighted with the success of the Beauty-Products shop she has opened down there, a Riviera branch of her Paris place in the rue de Miromesnil. Her recent book of short stories, "Prisons et Paradis," is selling as well as her sunburn lotions and famous *crème Tourmaline*, and we both agreed that this world is a very pleasant place, despite the uncomfortable patches one wanders through at times. I saw some more clothes . . . did Worth's and Doucet's and Nicole Granel's, and another famous *couturier* who has daringly adopted a new waist-line for the autumn models! Great idea, I think, having an adaptable belt on all the models so that we can individually suit our "line" to our girth . . . in a manner o' writing! It is so nice not to have to stay put! When a grand *couturier* tells me that I must have my middle round my hips, I immediately want to shift it elsewhere . . . so all blessings on the designers, and may their fashionable shadow never grow less! I returned to the Pyrénées in time for a grand tamasha! There is a heavenly camping ground at a place called the Marcadou, to which one ascends by a series of climbs, punctuated—if you know what I mean—by lovely verdant *plateaux* where the grass is so lush and green that one simply

## Priscilla in Paris

has to remove one's climbing hob-nails and walk barefooted, splashing—when one feels like it—in and out of the burling, ice-cold mountain streams. As well as the tents at the Marcadou, there is a rough mountain hotel or "Refuge" . . . just a few rooms and a dining-room, also a sort of dormitory divided by curtains into cubicles for belated travellers. This place has been enlarged, and the tamasha took place in order to celebrate the new wing.

We had M. Chaix, the President of the T.C.F. (Touring Club Français), who came up for the day; M. Fould, the M.P. for the "High Pyrénées" (also ex-Cabinet Minister and a great race-horse owner and all that sort of thing, speaks English marvellously and has any amount of pals on your side of the Channel). England was represented by Colonel Enterton, who has been at Cauterets for a few days, resting, after a trip to Germany, and getting over the astonishin' (and very terrifying . . . but mum's the word, it seems) revelations made to him by Willie-Crown-Prince and Hitler! There were also lots of charming youths and maidens, golden girls and boys—golden from the mountain sun—and dear old Fleet Street even was present in the witty personality of Mrs. E. Polhill. The lunch was . . . well, the sort of meal one feels like enjoying after having slept under canvas with a bit of a gale blowing and the tent not quite securely pegged down . . . and when one remembers that everything was brought up to the kitchen by pack mules you can imagine that the vote of thanks, tendered to M. Rouhette, proprietor of the Hôtel de France at Cauterets, and to M. Pontet, the manager of the "Refuge," was a hearty one! Several of the best-known guides of the region had been invited. They looked so smart in their bright blue, silver-buttoned coats, with the "Club Alpin" badge and *bérets Basques*; grizzled, sun-tanned, hardy warriors, most of them. The *vin mousseux* and the glory of the moment went to their heads, and at the end of the meal they burst into song! Not all quite fit for young ears, but very mirth-making! Next day we returned to Cauterets for Alanova's dance recital! Beautiful creature, beautiful frocks. . . .! Astonishing what can be done with

good looks, money, and an excellent publicity agent! *Le tout Cauterets* turned out in boiled shirts and long skirts for the occasion! The little theatre in the Casino was packed! Great ovation and all that . . . which was, I think, very nice of us, for the lady really cannot dance . . . at least, what the great critic, André Lewinson, calls dancing! Nevertheless, she is so lovely to look upon that she gets away with it and, after all, that is the main point, both from the box-office and from our point of view!!

With love,  
Très Cher,  
PRISCILLA.



MRS. RUSSELL ROBERTS AND HER MONGOOSE AT VILLEFRANCHE

The Mongoose, immortalised by "Kipper" as Rikki Tikki Tavi, is a friendly little beast when you get to know him; but you have got to know him first. Mrs. Russell Roberts is the owner of the famous Du Var Kennels at Villefranche, and won twelve firsts, two championships and six cups at the recent International Dog Show at Juan-les-Pins.



H.H. THE AGA KHAN AND THE BEGUM AGA KHAN

An interesting picture taken at Deauville just before H.H. and the Begum went on to his château at Aix-les-Bains, where an interesting domestic event will take place. H.H. the Aga Khan's mother has arrived from India and will remain with her son and daughter-in-law until her grandchild is born. At the moment of going to press it is uncertain whether H.H. the Aga Khan will go to Doncaster for the Leger, in which, also at the time of writing, he has Dastur (second in the Derby), Udaipur (the Oaks winner), etc. Michael Beary is the stable jockey and so of course has his pick of the rides, and Harry Wragg has the second pick. Purely on her pedigree, Udaipur is better bred to stay than Dastur—and September, as we know, is the mares' month. But some do say that Royal Dancer will more than beat him. He has an unimpeachable staying pedigree

## ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

Miss Tempest and  
Fiddlesticks

LOVE AND WHAT THEN?—CELIA JOHNSON ABOUT TO SUCCUMB TO LEON QUARTERMAINE

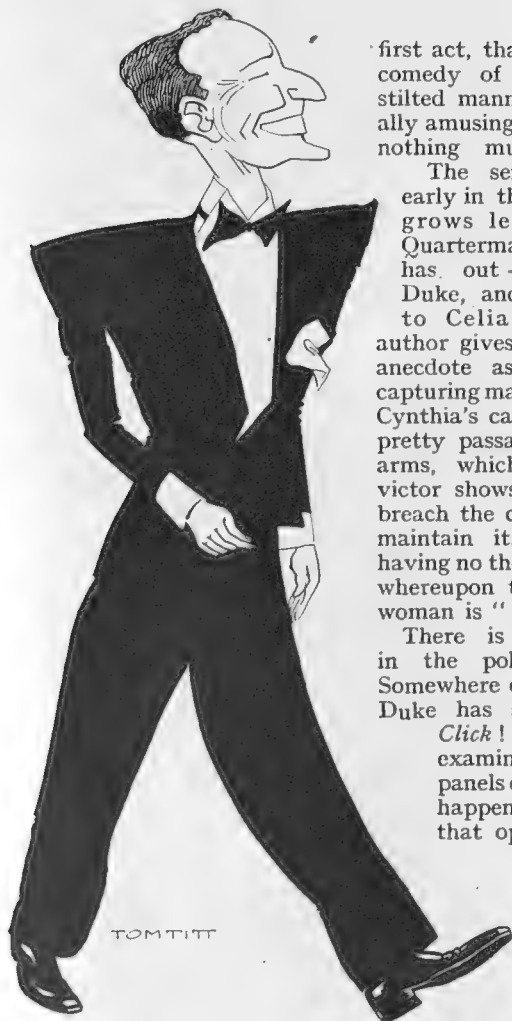
THE five people in the music room at Coaters are a Duke, a dowager Countess, a courtesy Lord, the daughter of a Baron, and a mere Scottish gentleman. Englishmen used to love a lord, but surely the quick applause, as soon as the curtain rises at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, cannot derive from old-time snobbery? No; it happens because the figure half-turned in the left foreground, with face half-hidden by the tilt of a straw hat, has been recognised as Marie Tempest.

"Fiddlesticks!" says this Charlotte, Lady Immingham, after a decent period for the applause. She says it in decisive tones, too; and what comes later reveals that here is Marie Tempest as a woman with not only charm, but presumed intelligence, a woman who can make up her mind and impose it on others. Absent, in *To-morrow Will Be Friday*, are her usual endearing futilities. In terms of acting, this Marie Tempest with a welcome difference is a success from the word fiddlesticks. The pity is that such a play, stagey among the stagiest, has been chosen for her presentation in a new manner.

It seems that Coaters has stamped its panelled self deeper and ever deeper upon the heart of Charlotte, Lady Immingham, ever since she left stage success to marry the late Lord Immingham. And now hard times are here and Coaters must be sold; the last but several of England's stately homes must pass to an Australian, who has grown rich through being clever with his wool. Coaters, that is to say, will go Australian if the man from Sydney decides to buy (naturally, he is arriving to see the house this very morning). Three-quarters of an hour pass in Charlotte's explanation of why she must sell it, and the assembled friends' protests. Charlotte grows sentimental, and even tearful, for a few minutes, but overdrafts insist that what must be shall be. Coaters Must Go. So Charlotte, Lady Immingham banishes regret by practising "Mamma's Got Hips" on the saxophone, and by planning a match between Cynthia (the daughter of a Baron) and the dear young Duke of Brixham, whose eyes, as they watch Cynthia, are said to have the same look as his father's had when his mother was abroad.

Meanwhile, there is well-worn comedy from the house party's expectation of down-under gruffness from the Australian, and its surprise at discovering him to be Leon Quartermaine, dressed by Savile Row and highly polished by the European world at large. You tell yourself, after the

SCOTTISH GENTLEMAN:  
W. GRAHAM BROWNEAMATEUR SAXOPHONIST:  
MARIE TEMPEST



A NICE YOUNG DUKE: PATRICK WADDINGTON

brain recalls at last where he has seen this man. Will the ladies please retire upstairs, so that the men can hear something to their disadvantage?

Black out to midnight, when an electric torch flickers around a dark form beside the secret safe. On, now, with the lights, for confrontation of thief by honest men. The rich Australian is neither rich nor Australian; the Duke's memory is of him as suspect in a jewel robbery on the Riviera. It is all so sudden for Charlotte, Lady Immingham, drawn by voices to the bottom stair, and wearing an attractive negligée (Handley Seymour, Ltd.). Yet more sudden is the blackmail after attempted robbery. You cannot send me to prison, dear Aunt Charlotte—yes, I am a nephew out of your pre-peage past, and I will now give you a worse shock. Your first husband, clown in a circus, whom you thought dead when you married into Coaters, is alive in a French madhouse. Your daughters, married and also titled, are illegitimate. If you imprison me, I shall tell the world, and they will never again have tickets for the Royal Enclosure at Ascot.

You, as the audience, have shared the shock to Aunt Charlotte—he seemed such a nice young man, and unjustifiable advantage has been taken of your sympathy. Still, you were wrong after the first act in expecting a comedy of manners without action. Plenty has happened. After the second act, you tell yourself that crook drama is intended, and that the last act will contain a big surprise.

The only surprise is an announcement from the butler. Lady Immingham, in despite of scandal, has decided over-night that her duty is to recognise the mad first husband. She will travel across France to help him, and has ruled out protests that this is not the time to be high-minded. The chief friend-of-the-family is arranging her journey. Enter the solemn butler: "There is a Mr. Thomas Cook on the telephone, melord." That flash of theatrical business, as applied

first act, that this is to be a comedy of polite sentiment, stilted manners, and occasionally amusing dialogue, in which nothing much will happen.

The sentiment improves early in the second act, but grows less polite. Leon Quartermaine, a week later, has out-manceuvred the Duke, and is making love to Celia Johnson. The author gives him fake-Chinese anecdote as his weapon for capturing maidenhood's citadel. Cynthia's capitulation brings a pretty passage of surrendered arms, which lasts until the victor shows his intention to breach the citadel, but not to maintain it. He admits to having no thought of marriage; whereupon the modern young woman is "faintly disgusted."

There is evident mystery in the polished Australian. Somewhere or other the young Duke has seen him before.

Click! The Australian, examining the famous panels of good old Coaters, happens upon the spring that opens a secret safe containing the emeralds of Charlotte, Lady Immingham; the priceless emeralds that have served so many, many playwrights. And click! the Duke's sluggard

to these particular people, convulses an audience, and in terms of laughter it is worth a dozen witty lines.

The outcome, though, is mush. We have discarded all sympathy for Leon Quartermaine's rôle, after blackmail has capped theft, abused hospitality, and attempted seduction; but the author's intention is to make him charming again. He is to be pitied; he had one of those awful childhoods that serve as excuse for half the humbug in the calendar. And then he is so gay; he makes the dowager go sentimental over her young days in the circus, and sings an old song supposedly used by the clown ("*Au clair de la lune, mon ami Pierrot*," known to millions of French nurseries these two hundred years, but about as suitable as "Land of Hope and Glory" for clowns in a circus). Finally, he is ready to repent and reform, and admits to having lied—Aunt Charlotte's first husband is not alive after all, and the lying thief can therefore be sent to gaol

without scandal. The dear fellow, however,

is allowed his liberty; and Cynthia sheds one-and-a-half tears before turning to the faint but still pursuing Duke. As for Coaters, it is to be sold, after all, to an American millionaire named Henry Ford.

The off-stage arrival of Mr. Henry Ford (announced by the butler in an effective final curtain) guys the play by underlining its impossibility. The author, indeed, provides the most suitable criticism of *To-morrow Will Be Friday* with his own last line—"Mr. Henry Ford, melody," coupled with the word "Fiddlesticks!" which opens the first act. In between is a formless structure decorated here and there by pleasant dialogue. Its only unity comes from remarkably good acting by everybody in the cast. Marie Tempest keeps boredom almost at bay with delightful personality. Athole Stewart and Graham Browne attractively support her as elderly friends, who fashion humour out of idiosyncrasy. Leon Quartermaine comes as near as possible to making a stage-stuffed puppet come to life. Celia Johnson squeezes warmth for her single chance (the love scene) to carry any sort of conviction. Patrick Waddington has no sort of chance as the young Duke, but makes him a pleasant ornament around the place. A pity, that so much good, finely professional talent should wander among the creaking ghosts of old situations known to generations of playgoers.



SEDATE BUTLER: FREDERICK MOYES



LORD CHARLES: ATHOLE STEWART

## SEEN ON THE SCREEN

New "Studio" Portraits



LUCILLE BROWNE

The exceedingly pretty young lady whose portrait appears above has been described as the Queen of Universal serials. Among other pictures which Miss Lucille Browne has decorated are "The Air Mail Mystery" and "Battling with Buffalo Bill."

The other "shots" on this page are from a new Paramount production, "Devil and the Deep," presented at the Carlton Theatre. Charles Laughton plays Commander Charles Sturm, publicly good-humoured and smiling, but privately nothing but a brute to his wife, Pauline (Miss Bankhead). His insane jealousy drives her, inevitably, to more sympathetic arms—to wit, those of Lieut. Sempter (Gary Cooper), who, unknown to her, has just joined the submarine her husband commands. The next day they meet as strangers, but Sturm's suspicions have already been aroused, and when, later, Pauline hurries aboard the submarine to warn Sempter, Sturm seizes his opportunity for revenge. He orders immediate submerging; there is a crash, the boat sinks and—but film fans must find out the end of this dramatic picture for themselves.



THE JEALOUS HUSBAND: CHARLES LAUGHTON AND TALLULAH BANKHEAD IN "DEVIL AND THE DEEP"



GARY COOPER AS LIEUT. SEMPTER AND TALLULAH BANKHEAD AS PAULINE



TRADE MARK

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*"Nothing . . . that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange."*

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## POWDER AND I

By A. AIRY, R.O.



## AND PERFUME

A. AIRY, R.O.I.



"HIS OLD SHIP" by A.D. Mc CORMICK R.I.



*Player's  
Please*



## AND SO TO YORK

The August Meeting  
on the Knavesmire



THE HON. MRS. ROBERT JENKINSON  
AND SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD



THE HON. REGINALD WINN, THE  
HON. ANNE WOOD, THE HON.  
MRS. REGINALD WINN AND  
MRS. DUNN AT YORK RACES



MISS LANE-FOX (RIGHT) AND THE  
HON. GWENDOLEN MEYSEY-THOMPSON

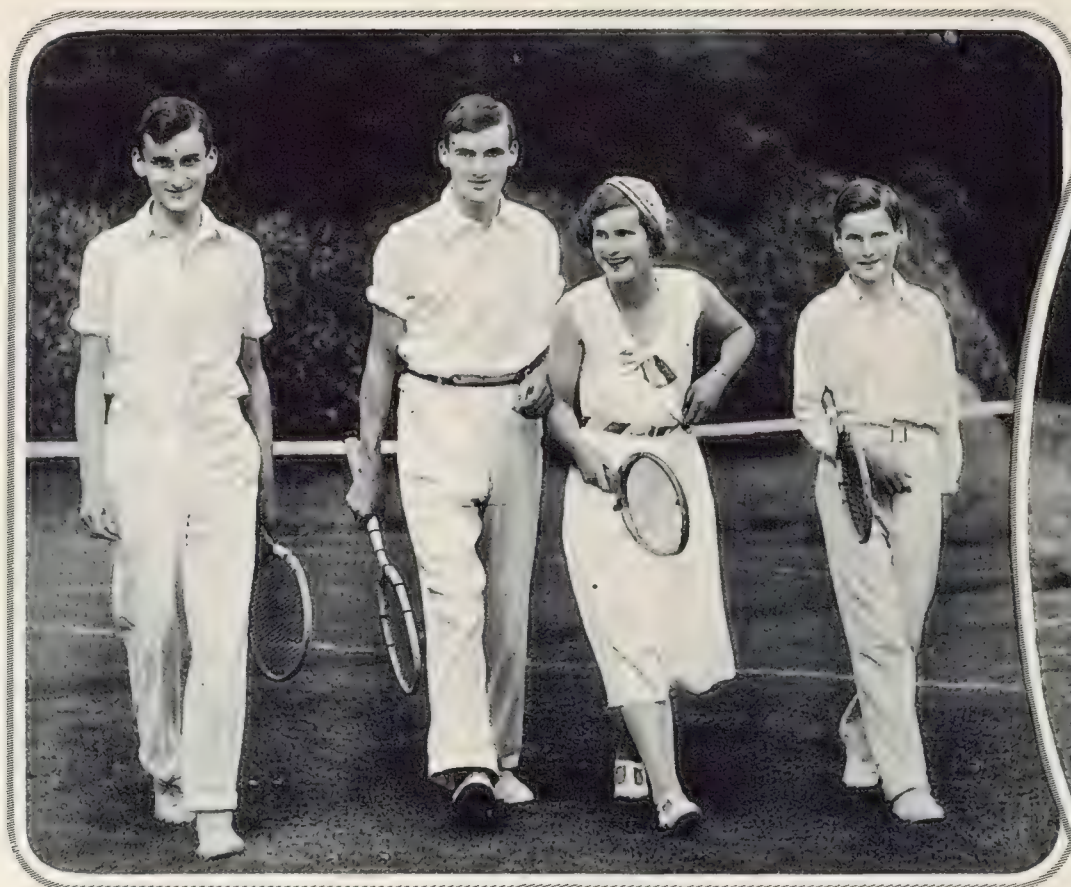


LADY CREWE AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY  
MARY CREWE-MILNES

There are two outstanding features of meetings on the Knavesmire. One is the Race Committee's superlatively efficient arrangements for the comfort of onlookers, and the other, the pleasant family party atmosphere. Most Yorkshire people know each other; and, what is more, are delighted to meet as often as possible—a friendly attitude which other localities might imitate with advantage. Visitors are always very welcome, too, and many were present at the August meeting, York being a convenient half-way house for Scotland at this time of year. The Hon. Anne Wood was helping her parents, Lord and Lady Irwin, to entertain a large house-party at Garrowby, and Colonel and Mrs. Langdale had Lord Kilmory and their daughter, Lady Manton, staying with them at Houghton Hall. Miss Lane-Fox and the Hon. Gwendolen Meysey-Thompson are both Yorkshire-born and bred; the former is a daughter of Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Lane-Fox, of Bramham Park, and the latter is the late Lord Knaresborough's daughter. The Hon. Reginald Winn, Lord St. Oswald's brother, married Miss Alice Perkins, of Virginia, U.S.A. Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes will be one of next year's most important débutantes



KEEPING STEP ON THE KNAVESMIRE: LADY  
MANTON AND LORD KILMOREY



THE HON. ROBERT PRESTON, LORD GORMANSTON, THE HON. ANTOINETTE  
AND THE HON. STEPHEN PRESTON



### THE VISCOUNTESS GORMANSTON AND HER FAMILY AT GORMANSTON CASTLE, CO. DUBLIN

The late Lord Gormanston died in 1925 and the present one is his son. The Viscounty is the premier one in the peerage of Ireland and dates back to 1478, and the Barony in the family to 1365. The present Lord Gormanston was born in 1914 and has two brothers, the Hon. Robert and the Hon. Stephen Preston, born in 1915 and 1920 respectively. The only daughter, the Hon. Antoinette Preston, is the eldest, as she was born in 1912, and is hoping to make a serious debut out hunting this coming season with the Meath, or some other pack within easy reach. Lady Gormanston is a daughter of Lady Butler, that famous artist who painted "The Roll Call," the Crimean picture, after Inkerman. Lady Butler was the wife of Lieut.-General the Rt. Hon. Sir William Francis Butler, G.C.B.

Photos by Vyvyan Poole, Dublin.  
Exclusive to "The Tatler"



LADY GORMANSTON AND HER  
DAUGHTER



THE HON. ANTOINETTE  
PRESTON

# SITTERS IN THE STUDIO

A page of Pleasant Portraits



LEFT: LADY DELAMERE



LADY CUNLIFFE AND HER SON



LADY EFFIE MILLINGTON-DRAKE AND EDGAR

Photographs by Lenore

Now nearly eight months old, Lord and Lady Cunliffe's son, the Hon. Roger Cunliffe, is finding life a very pleasant affair. Naturally, his parents think him a wonderful baby, and he also receives a good deal of admiration from his two sisters, who share the nursery with him. Lady Cunliffe, formerly Miss Joan Lubbock, was married in 1925. Her husband, the second Baron, is an important person in the City, and they have a nice place in Hertfordshire, Furneux Pelham Hall. Lady Effie Millington-Drake, who is the youngest daughter of the late Lord Inchcape, has a family of four, her second son being a quite recent arrival. This young gentleman was christened Edgar Louis Mackay Vanderstegen, and H.H. Princess Marie Louise is his god-mother. Mr. Millington-Drake, now acting Counsellor at the British Embassy in Washington, has held diplomatic appointments in Paris, Bucharest, Brussels, Copenhagen and Buenos Aires. A new portrait of Lord Delamere's attractive wife completes this page. Lady Delamere was Miss Phyllis Scott before her marriage, and is the eldest of Lord George Scott's three popular daughters. Her husband succeeded to the title last November

## Pictures in the Fire *"Sabretache"*



"THIS BLESSED PLOT, THIS EARTH, THIS REALM, THIS ENGLAND"

If there is a more typically English scene than harvesting by the old method, unaided by mechanical contrivances, we have yet to hear of it! This peaceful and quite delightful picture was taken at Boxted, near Colchester, Essex, and Boxted Church forms a very fitting background

**T**HAT wonderful old hero of the Kadir Cup, Carclew, Captain Scott-Cockburn's old wonder, on whom he has won it three times and been runner-up twice, has come to England to end his days in green pastures in Cheshire. This is his first experience of England, as he was bred in India and is a grand certificate for the good stuff they can breed at the Government Remount Studs. Carclew is now twenty-five years old, and he was out pig-sticking very shortly before he was shipped, and was, I am told, going as well and as keenly as ever he did in his life. His owner told me when he was last home that you can ride Carclew on a loose rein and that he will follow a pig like a hound will a fox, and that he has the heart of a lion. He must have. Sired by Goneaway at the Mona Remount Depot, he was issued as a troop horse to the King's Dragoon Guards at Meerut and afterwards to the 19th Hussars at Muttra, where he first learned to hunt pig. He has been hunting now for twelve seasons, and has over two hundred "first spears" to his credit. A record of his successes in competitions is of interest: 1923, Semi-finals of the Kadir Cup; 1924, Won the Kadir Cup; 1925, Won the Kadir Cup; 1926, Semi-finals of the Kadir Cup; 1927, Won the Kadir Cup; 1928, Semi-finals of the Kadir Cup; 1929, Won first prize for Pig-sticking horses at the Imperial Delhi Horse Show in his twenty-third year; 1930, Semi-finals of the Kadir Cup; he has also twice been in the winning team of the Muttra Pigsticking Cup.

Carclew's owner is now on a staff job in Bengal, and had just been breaking his nose in a fall out pig-sticking. On the occasion under reference they got six good hog, all of them 30 inches or over; and Cockburn got two good horses cut and fell and broke his nose. Bunty Hewett, late of the Royals, and O.C. the Calcutta Light Horse, was also out, and had a bad fall which laid

him on his back for a week after they got back to Calcutta. The Bengal pig certainly know how to fight, but many think you get better hunting in the thicker Meerut and Muttra countries. The Bengal and Behar pig sometimes run pretty heavy, and I remember one of the latter who went well over 20 stone when we put him on the scale.

Whilst some of us have been trying to do a bit for the poor old steeds left behind in Egypt by our troops—and let us hope that, one way and another, Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke's Fund has benefited—I have just had a letter which concludes: "... and so, 'Sabretache,' as you may be able to help, just as you have helped the horses, will you see what you can do? ... You would be doing more good than you can even imagine if you will help." The affair is this, and concerns the English children born in India whose fathers have died out there, leaving their widows and belongings high and dry and with no earthly chance of getting

back to England. It is the case of civilians, as soldiers' widows and children would be sent back as a matter of course. A child left like this does not get an earthly chance, and I feel, somehow, that this letter which I have had is a reproach. So far as I know, there is no society which helps these unfortunate children, but it seems to me that it is a case for united action by the Indian and Home Governments, and that there should be the right of repatriation for widows and children left as my correspondent and hers have been left. These unfortunate children, as my correspondent very rightly points out, grow up amongst Eurasians, half-castes, and the indigenous inhabitants, "losing all the Englishness in them." Everyone who knows what an English child, brought up in such an atmosphere and surroundings, develops into, will back me up when I say that it should be a charge on either one or other Government to repatriate them.



A HIGHLY INTELLIGENT LIONESS CUB, HER MISSIS AND "THE TATLER" IN KENYA

Last May, in this paper, some pictures of this lioness cub were published shortly after she had been captured by Captain Richard Crofton, and was the special pet of his little daughter, Elizabeth. The cub has grown quite a bit, and this picture is part of a movie which is being made. The copy of "The Tatler" is the actual one in which the first pictures appeared

# AUSTRALIA IN 28 DAYS NEW ZEALAND IN 25 DAYS VIA

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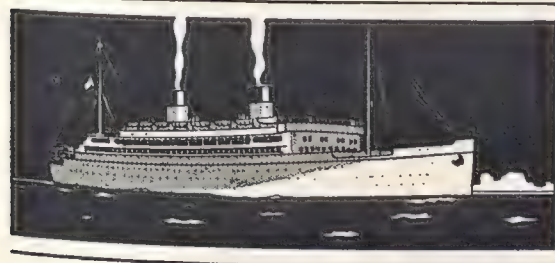


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MISS HARRIET COHEN AND MR. ARNOLD BAX SUN-BATHING  
AT ST. MARGARET'S BAY

The famous pianist and composer, Miss Harriet Cohen, F.R.A.M., is giving a recital at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts on September 8 and 10; and, as ever, her performances will be eagerly awaited. Miss Cohen has introduced the works of Arnold Bax and other British composers all over the world. It is rarely that the camera shoots two such musical celebrities sitting. Mr. Arnold Bax, like Miss Cohen, is a British product of the R.A.M., and he made his first appearance as a composer at the St. James's Hall in 1903, when he was twenty.

IN one of the large stores, a woman was seen holding up a peke dog for a drink at one of the fountains. A department manager was informed of this and hurried to the scene.

"Madam," he said, "I must really protest! This fountain is for the use of customers."

The shopper replied airily: "Oh, really! I thought it was for the employés!"

The following little story is supposed to be a favourite one told by the late Sir Horace Plunkett. A lady whom he had met in Dublin wrote to him later, stating, with feminine candour:

"You need two things—(1) a wife and (2) elocution lessons."

Sir Horace replied at once:

"DEAR MADAM,—The two things you mention are only one thing."

"I want a separation from my husband," sobbed the young wife. "He actually swore at me, and I was learning to drive just to please him, too."

"What did he say," asked the magistrate sympathetically.

"He sat there in the ditch"—another burst of sobs—"and he said, 'Holy cats, woman, didn't you see that lorry?'"

"Tell, me, Sandy," asked the English visitor, "why do you Scots drink a small glass of whisky neat and then take a pint of beer immediately afterwards?"

"Well, you see," explained Sandy, with a knowing smile, "it's like this. If ye drink nothing but whusky ye're fou before ye're full, an' if ye drink nothing but beer ye're full before ye're fou."

A certain farmer had a terrible wife, who not only nagged him from morning till night, but had a nasty habit of throwing anything handy at him with unerring aim. At length, the wife died, and on a very wild, windy day was buried. The widower had just returned from the funeral and was entering the house, when a slate was dislodged from the roof and hit his head. Looking up at the sky, the farmer groaned: "Oh, Lor', Maria, is that you in Heaven already, and me not home from the funeral yet?"

## BUBBLE and SQUEAK

TWO caddies at the club were discussing, in the way that caddies do, the men whose clubs they were carrying.

"What's your man like?" asked one.

"Left-'anded," was the laconic reply, "and keeps 'is change in 'is right-'and pocket."

"It's all wrong about Irishmen being such good fighters," said the first workman scornfully.

"Well," said the other, "they have always had that reputation."

The other snorted: "It's all rubbish! Why, last night, my brother and I and two other fellows nearly knocked an Irishman silly!"



AT BIARRITZ: MRS. GERARD D'ERLANGER AND MAJOR BUTLER

There is no better sea air than the kind that comes over Biscay's not always peaceful Bay, and Biarritz itself is a place for rest, also sun. Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger is, in her other entity, Miss Edythe Baker, the famous young pianiste. Major Butler is a racing motorist of note.

AN old negro was brought into a police-station, charged with vagrancy.

"Law, Mistah, I ain't no vagrant! I'm a hard-working, religious man. Look at dose!" and he pointed proudly to the large patches ornamenting the knees of his trousers. "I got dem from prayin'!"

"How about the patches on the seat of your trousers?" asked a policeman.

The negro looked sheepish for a moment, then he said:

"I reckon I must have got dose back-slidin'!"

The Sunday school teacher had just read aloud the Parable of the Prodigal Son to a class of small boys.

"Now," said she, "who was it who was the least pleased to see the prodigal son return?"

The question rather puzzled the class, but at last a small voice replied:

"Please, Miss, the fatted calf."

"Do you know that your former maid is now working for me?" asked Mrs. Brown of her great friend.

"Really!" was the comment.

"Oh, don't be alarmed, my dear; I only believe half she tells me."

# Which do Beauty Experts recommend Tinted nails or Natural?



*All shades . . . beauty experts say. It depends on your frock, agree manicure authorities*

**D**IFFERENT frocks need different finger-tips these days . . . To go about with the same colour nails all the time is like having only one hat to your name !

On this point the beauty experts and smart women agree. And here are the simple details of this very successful new fashion — for your own personal use.

Finger-tips of Coral or Rose are enchanting with frocks of dark blue, brown or black, and all the pale pastels. Wear Natural with the new, gay, vivid colours . . . and Cardinal or Coral for smart contrast with grey, beige, white or black costumes.

Try them all ! You'll find they make your oldest, simplest

clothes seem delightfully new and exciting. And be sure you use Cutex Liquid Polish . . . because it has an uncanny way of going on easier, smoother . . . drying quicker . . . and lasting far longer than any other polish known to women. Never cracks, peels, streaks, or fades.

For extra-good measure the Cutex bottle now boasts a new cap. It's of smart black bakelite with brush attached . . . and so cleverly balanced that the brush tip never touches the table top. Pick your favourite shades today.

Cutex Preparations are made in Britain and are obtainable at all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

## CUTEX Liquid Polish

Everything for lovely nails

Two shades of Cutex Liquid Polish and other manicure essentials for 6d.



I enclose 6d. for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other colour which I have underlined.

Rose — Coral — Cardinal

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Name .....

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MR. S. A. THORN

The well-known Brooklands instructor whose power for inspiring confidence in his pupils is a great asset. Mr. Thorn took part in this year's King's Cup race

met, consummated their aeronautical mastery in the bonds of holy matrimony, and then set out to fly the Atlantic. It is incredible; it is fantastic; it is impossible; yet it is true. The marriage of Amy Johnson and James Mollison constituted presumptive evidence—the first I have heard of—that the popular saying is true that marriages are made in heaven. Both of them are pronounced individualists: all their great flights have been made solo. That is their most notable characteristic, and the one that has been so far overlooked. They rely upon themselves, and know their own powers better than anyone else. I would call Mollison the leading champion of the *ego-solo school*. He goes alone and believes in himself. And Mrs. Mollison also is of the same school.

It is to be hoped that Mollison's return flight (for definite news of which we still wait) will be as successful as his outward one, and that, if Mrs. Mollison does make the Atlantic attempt, she will get through safely. I am not one of those who have decried Atlantic flight attempts as foolhardy before they are made, and then rush to congratulate the successful airmen afterwards. There is great value in these flights, for they are gradually overcoming the Atlantic Ocean, dispersing its terrors, and making it fit for commercial air-craft to fly over. To Mr. Bert Hinkler's name on the scroll of Atlantic pioneers must now be added the name of Mr. Mollison, while at the very head of the list must ever remain the names of John Alcock and Arthur Whitten Brown, the British airmen who, in a Rolls-Royce engined Vickers-Vimy, made the first non-stop Atlantic flight of all, and made it thirteen years ago.

#### Week-end Aérien.

One of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, reason for the popularity of Continental air-touring is the hospitality that is always offered to British pilots by the pilots of France, Italy, Belgium, Germany, and other countries. There is a certain taste and discretion, a certain essentially French grace about that hospitality that makes it a delight to him that gives and him that takes. That is why all private aeroplane owners and all British air pilots applaud the Week-end Aérien, which will have been held by the time these notes appear. The original idea of the Week-end Aérien came, I believe, from Mr. A. C. M. Jackaman, Mr. Ivor McClure, Mr. Gordon Selfridge jun. and Mr. Nigel Norman. It was enthusiastically supported by Colonel Shelmerdine, Director of Civil Aviation at the Air Ministry; by Lady Bailey and other private owners, and people connected with flying, so that it was possible to invite a large number of

# AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Mr. and Mrs. M.

**M**R. AND MRS. MOLLISON out-hero and out-heroine the most heroic conceptions of the fiction-mongers and pen prestidigitators of this age of ink. Imagine the chorus of incredible protest that would greet a novel in which the hero and heroine conjointly, together and each to each, attained to world renown as individual air pilots;

Continental pilots and to offer them genuine hospitality from one end of their stay to the other.

At the time of writing I have no means of telling what the weather is likely to do on the day. But some eighty pilots have accepted the invitation, and the programme has been arranged with skill. Let it be hoped that this is not the final effort in this direction. The eventual usefulness and the wider international significance of private flying depend in large measure upon the closeness of co-operation and friendship between pilots of the different countries. When a truly close corporation of British and foreign pilots has been formed, it will be able to exert its influence for the good of flying, and will be able to sweep aside the present infantile, niggling, spinsterish, and back-biting regulations and restrictions which impede international intercourse by air.

#### Spartans.

Mr. Allen, of Henlys, has introduced the new Spartans at Heston. Lieut.-Col. Strange permitted me to examine the cruiser when he brought it to Brooklands a short time ago. It is certainly one of the neatest aircraft in existence, and the lines are suggestive of good performance. If the middle-weight air lines continue to increase in numbers and to prosper, there should be a large market for this type of aeroplane, and the Spartan should reap a just reward for its originality. From the first, the Spartan designs have embodied points of special note. Mr. O. E. Simmonds's original theory of the interchangeable wings and control surfaces was ingenious, and is one of those ideas that will one day be revived with a deafening blast of publicity trumpets, and will be the chief "selling point" of many thousands of air-craft. It is not that the idea is any less good now than it will be then; but that it will be better handled from the public's point of view, owing to the larger sums of money that will be available for making it known.

Many ingenious features incorporated in British aircraft to-day could be made valuable selling points if it were possible to impress them sufficiently upon the public. But, in aviation, money is scarce, and publicity campaigns must of necessity be on a small scale. This is a condition that will not prevail much longer, however; and then the designer's ingenuity will gain full recognition. His devices will be blazoned forth before the world, and we shall be greeting with wonder and awe inventions that were tried and laid aside years before. Some of the aircraft in the International Touring Competition on the Continent embody extraordinarily interesting and ingenious ideas, and have remarkable performances. They seem to me to be developing into a "type," and such development will be worth watching closely, for it may be leading to the machine of the future more directly than developments in this country, with our rather heavier aircraft. It was particularly unfortunate that the Italian Bredas had such bad luck.



MR. A. J. STRYAN

Who flew Mr. Gilchrist's Gipsy Comper in the race for the Folkestone Aero Trophy (presented by Mr. Walter Bentley), and won with a speed of 141 m.p.h. over a 32-mile course. Mr. Stryan belongs to the Cinque Ports Flying Club



AIR - MARSHAL SIR GEOFFREY SALMOND

Arriving at Northolt Aerodrome after a flying visit to Wiltshire. Sir Geoffrey is to succeed his brother, Air Chief-Marshal Sir John Salmond, as Chief of the Air Staff when Sir John retires

# Pratts Ethyl is *trained* petrol

PRATTS Ethyl petrol is *trained* to stop knocking or "pink," which is so damaging to your engine. Thus, it gives your car longer life.

It is *trained* to give better climbing, thus reducing gear-changing on hills and in traffic. This means more miles to the gallon.

It is *trained* to give cooler running, by converting heat into power instead of allowing it to escape wastefully and make the engine hot.

It is *trained* to admit of running on advanced ignition, thus gaining a higher output of horse-power and extraordinary acceleration.



THE ORIGINAL  
*supercharged*  
PETROL

SAME PRICE as regular petrols





THE CAVALIERS' XI AT THAMES DITTON

Crisp

The team which beat the Old Paulines in their recent encounter, and which has been having a pretty good season all round. The names, left to right, are: Standing—J. G. Fisher, E. V. Isaac, A. H. Satow, R. H. Beale, R. S. F. Schilling, and T. Irish. Seated—A. H. Hawkes, C. R. Foster-Kemp (hon. secretary), D. A. W. Lovell (captain), J. A. Seagram, and G. M. Farwell

Oh, Dear!

**W**HAT are the feelings of the schoolboy who, having, as he conscientiously believed, behaved himself rather well and obtained quite a decent "report," finds on returning to school that his hard-hearted parents have given instructions that for any future delinquencies he is to be socked not less than twice as hard as before? Mingled with an emotion of outraged virtue is a tiny spirit of rebellion such as always springs in those whose efforts have been unappreciated or, at the least, under-estimated. Those feelings have reasonably found a place in the heart of the motorist to-day who learns that the Home Office has issued recommendations to benches of magistrates in favour of hardening the penalties for all motoring offences. That procedure may or may not be justifiable; I do not think it is necessary and I am quite certain that it is not, in the telling school-boy phrase, "decent." Before the heavier cane is taken from the cupboard it is desirable that the various misdemeanours should be fairly and squarely investigated and that the culprits should be dealt with according to the merits of each case. It goes without saying that bills of highway mortality amounting to eighteen fatalities a day are altogether too excessive to be tolerated and that something has got to be done about it, but at least one is entitled to ask that elementary justice should be done—and the character of the ordinary motoring prosecution is notorious. The statistics relating to the matter are, broadly, very damning, yet it is more than possible that they convey a wrong impression. I am convinced that if they were grouped into accidents relating (a) to private motor-cars, (b) to motor-cycles, and (c) to dividend-hunting vehicles, the average car-owner would be legitimately proud of his record. As a rule, on the absurd ground that he is best able to pay, he is soaked more than either of the others for any given offence with which he may be charged, and already many gross miscarriages of justice have occurred. Far be it from me to whitewash the private driver, who is sometimes a road-hog of the worst sort, but we must, now and then, have some antidote to the full-sized tar-brush. By the way, have you noticed that in the highway accident figures are included those occasioned by cyclists getting free towage? Probably few of them know that this is illegal; for Mr. Pybus, for reasons best known to himself, only circulates the "Code" to holders of driving licences, who are obviously the persons least in need of it. But it is a bit thick that the crashes thus caused should be debited against motorists, for it is not a motoring offence at all, but an offence against motoring. Thus one instantly sees why the police, both static and dynamic, never by any chance take any notice of these cheap-haulage suicides. It is fairly widely recognized, I take it, that the vast majority of all the troubles that occur are due purely to ignorance and not to *malice prepense*. Many could be avoided by an educative process which the police both afoot and awheel could exploit if they cared. But it is evident that they don't care, or perhaps they can't be bothered to see. Time and again I see the most appallingly bad and inconsiderate driving done right under the official nose, with absolute impunity. Simply because he

New and Good.

**S**teadily the new models parade into the arena, and a very welcome lot they are, giving evidence of much real progress. Several important names figure in the latest announcements. The 10-h.p. 4-cylinder Morris combines comfort and pace with economy, for in fixed head saloon form it costs but £165. In design it naturally follows the family traditions. With its 1,292 cc. engine and four-speed gear-box, hydraulic brakes, etc., its specification is exceptionally complete and up-to-date. It also embodies the new development which is standardized on all the larger Morris cars, namely a very ingenious and effective arrangement of signalling lights, worked from the instrument board, by which the intentions of the driver can be conspicuously advertised. These lights show in both directions and automatically flash. In turning left the lamps on both sides of the car flash orange for a second or two, then that on the left changes to red, whilst that on the right turns green. Following traffic can thus see at once on which side it is safe to pass. This is a most admirable scheme. Sir William Morris having inaugurated the era of "much cheaper motoring" has now, in a very practical fashion, opened the campaign of "much safer motoring." In the 1933 Wolsley range the famous Hornet appears with numerous refinements of value. These include the exclusive forward engine mounting, which makes this car so exceptionally stable, centri-cast hardened cylinder liners with special pistons, Startix automatic anti-stalling starting device, electric direction indicators front and rear, four-speed gear-box, hydraulic brakes, and so forth. Wonderful value for money at £198 10s. all

(Continued on p. xiv)



THE SOUTH WALES BORDERERS' REGIMENTAL TEAM AT BRECON

A group of the side which defeated the South Wales Hunts' XI and Captain J. V. Rees' team during the Regimental Cricket Week at Brecon. The names, left to right, are: Seated—Mr. Tom Jones, Captain R. I. Sugden, Major Morgan, Major R. Walker, and Captain V. J. L. Napier; standing—Lieutenant D. L. Rhys, Lieutenant G. B. Sugden, Lieutenant Barlow, Lieutenant Reece, Lieutenant Campbell-Miles, and Lieutenant Knight

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



*Extract from game-book of  
John Walker, Esquire,  
of Kilmarnock, Ayrshire:—*

"September 1st, 1820—  
A warm day, the birds  
scarce, strong on the  
wing and difficult to  
come at. Picked one  
from each of 3 coveys."

## MIKE : By H. W. MARTIN



*"Like a flash he sprang on to her withers"*

**I**T was in German East Africa (now Tanganyikaland) that I found him—a little ball of fur and fury.

Having left my natives to chop out the tusks of an elephant I had shot, I was on my way back to camp when my companion, a terrier of sorts, commenced barking furiously at a low, thorny bush from which came sounds of hissing and spitting. I thought he had come on a spitting cobra; a dangerous snake that first spits poison into one's eyes and then bites, so I ran to his assistance. Shielding my eyes with my hand, I peered into the bush, and saw, not a snake, but a little ball of spotted fur, teeth bared and back arched, fiercely spitting and snarling at the dog. I promptly covered it with my hat, a soft one, as a boy would a butterfly, and then picked it up in the hat and made for camp.

Several times I had to drop it, for the little blighter bit through that hat as if it had been made of muslin. Eventually, with hands torn to shreds, I arrived, and with the assistance of the cook caged it in a hen-coop.

At first I thought it was a baby leopard, but on a closer inspection noticed that its spots were round and solid—a leopard's resemble rosettes—so I concluded it was either a cheetah or tiger-cat, but at that age, about six weeks old, it was difficult to determine which. He had passed the milk stage, however, and for a time I fed him on bread soaked in gravy, and later, cooked meat. Raw meat, I had been told, made them savage.

When about three months old there was no longer any doubt as to his species; he was a cheetah, a very fine specimen. He had now outgrown his hen-coop, so I secured him to a piece of telegraph wire, which I passed through the ring of his chain and fastened the ends to trees about twenty yards apart, so that his running noose allowed him plenty of exercise by travelling under the wire between them. He soon became very tame and tractable and, like all kittens, playful.

He would play for hours with his ball—the sawn-off head of an ebony knobkerrie. His favourite game was to lie on his back, throw the ball up with his paws, and catch it as it came down. Another of his pastimes was ball-punching. His ball was a spherical calabash filled with small pebbles about the size of peas. This he would bang with right and left hooks that would have done credit to any boxer—his object being to bust it, which he often did, when I would replace it with another and stronger one.

When full grown, I took him off the chain and allowed him complete liberty. At first he would not venture alone more than a few yards from my tent, but whenever I went for a stroll he would follow like a dog. I taught him many tricks. He would jump over a stick held horizontally 6 ft.

from the ground, also shake hands, sit up and talk—his vocal efforts took the form of purring very loudly. He was every bit as intelligent and obedient as a spaniel.

The only time I had trouble with him was when teaching him to retrieve. It took a long time and a lot of patience on my part to get it into his head that he was to fetch a stick when thrown, not to chew it to little bits; I eventually taught him to bring my hat when going out, and slippers when I came in.

Mike could not take a hiding like a dog. I tried it once and, although touched very lightly with the whip, it reduced him to a state of terror and almost broke his spirit. For weeks after he would cower and tremble whenever I spoke to him. I found that the only way to train him was by bribery.

The best trait in his character was obedience—he always did as he was told, was cheerful, and never sulked. I did not take him with me when after elephant, as those trips, owing to my having to spoor the quarry, often extended to a fortnight and, in the circumstances, Mike would have been an encumbrance. Whenever setting out for a hunt I would tell him to go to my tent and lie down; this he would do without a whimper; but what a home-coming it was when I returned. As soon as he spotted me Mike would race up and almost tear my clothes off in the heat of his welcome.

During my frequent absences from camp, Mike adopted the cook as his temporary master, a very sensible proceeding; but would not have anything to do with my other natives, though he liked their children up to ten years old. When they had passed that age he had no use for them. He was also very fond of Tim, my terrier; these two would romp and frolic till Mike, who was the heavier, got a bit too familiar, when Tim would give him a nip which would have the effect of sending him to my tent for a spell. Strange as it may seem, Mike was no fighter.

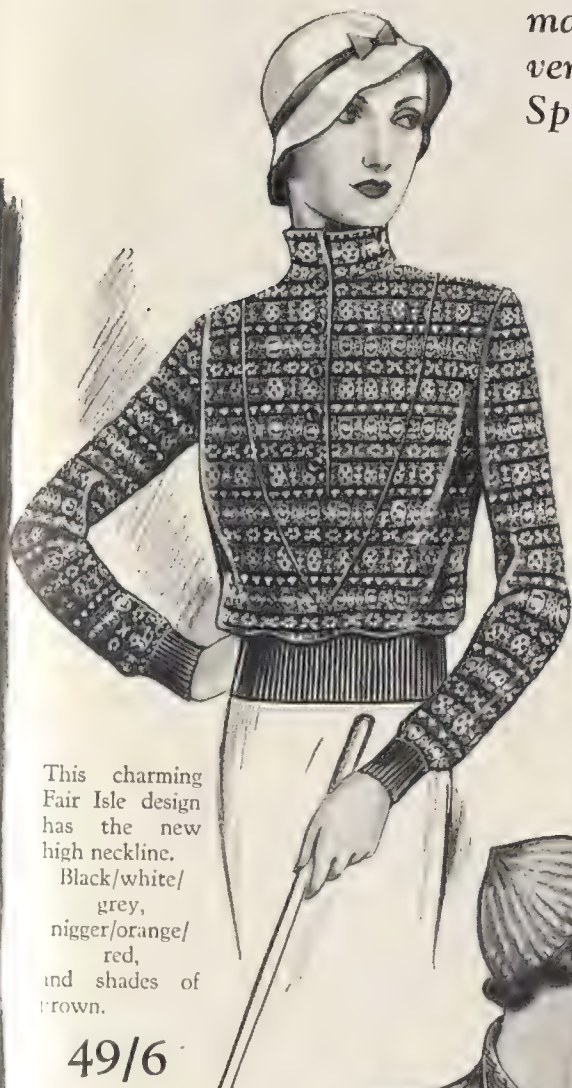
Visitors, both white and black, often asked me what species of animal Mike was. Even old natives of East and Central Africa, the habitat of the African cheetah, would admit to never having seen one before. This long-legged animal—more dog than cat—is fairly rare.

Unlike leopards and other members of the cat tribe, Mike could not climb, but would get to the topmost branches of any tree that had lower ones within eight feet or so of the ground. His method was to take a run for about twenty yards, then with a flying leap, he would reach the lower branch, to which he would fasten with tooth and nail, from there he would go up from branch to branch as if climbing a ladder. He always did this when he saw natives approaching with their mongrels; but I have no doubt that he would have given a good account of himself had he been cornered by a dog.

*(Continued on p. vi)*

# HARVEY NICHOLS

Designed by Chanel, and  
made in Scotland . . . five  
very smart styles from the  
Sportswear Department.



This charming  
Fair Isle design  
has the new  
high neckline.  
Black/white/  
grey,  
nigger/orange/  
red,  
and shades of  
brown.

49/6



(Above.)  
Made in pure  
Cashmere, ex-  
quisitely soft,  
with a new and  
clever adaptable  
tie. Red or  
brown.

69/6



The slanting neckline  
and double-breasted  
front are exclusive  
fashion points. Black/  
white or champagne/  
brown.

59/6

(Right.)  
A very new  
neckline coupled  
with a very new  
stitch. In clear  
red or soft  
French blue.

49/6



(Left.)  
With smart  
diagonal wrap  
closing and  
adaptable  
scarf collar.  
Finelyknitted  
in  
brown/beige/  
red,  
orange/beige/  
orange,  
or  
red/royal/black.

55/6

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# EVE AT GOLF

By Eleanor E. Helme

IT is impossible at the moment not to feel the world of ladies' golf under a sad shadow by the tragic news of Mrs. Olaf Hambro's death. She was such a moving spirit at Ashdown Forest, entertaining the American team there this spring, getting the magnificent new ladies' course into being, and a hundred other activities, and the English Championship there at the end of this month will be immeasurably the poorer for the loss of her. So will "The Bystander" Foursomes, which she won with Miss Wethered at Ranelagh in 1923 in the second year that "Eve" was responsible for them.

The Girls' Championship entries are on the point of closing as we go to press, and both quality and quantity seem to show that "The Bystander" is going to make an excellent début over the competitions which it has taken over from "Britannia and Eve," and that even world depression is not going to prevent a gathering of very promising players at Stoke Poges on the 14th, 15th, and 16th. For the first time there is an American entry—Miss Grace Amory from Deepdale, of whom, at present, we know nothing but whose every shot will no doubt soon be a topic for ecstasies by some of the Press. There is Miss Isabella Rieben, the Welsh champion, who may well start favourite; there is Miss Lulu Esmond, who is nearly, if not quite, as good; and her cousin, Miss Aline de Gunsbourg, France's sole representative. Miss Pauline Doran, who only needs a win this year to create a record of three successive wins, is making the gallant attempt. Then there are all last year's girls, who are still eligible, and a goodly scattering of new young hopefuls, any of whom may or may not be capable of great things. At all events, it looks like being an out of the common good Girls' Championship.

Out of the common good, or something even stronger, is what all the eight travellers who went to Sweden are still saying about their time there. Epithets of delight are completely exhausted by them in their attempt to tell you how charming and gracious the Royal Family were to them, how unendingly

kind and thoughtful all their hosts from Herr Nobel downwards, what a magnificent course Falsterbo is, and how everybody ran after them to see that their every wish was carried out before ever it was expressed, and that there was not one dull minute in all their stay.

The golf seems to have been extremely brilliant. For instance, Mrs. Alec Gold and Miss Jean McCulloch were both round in 75 before the former won that round of the Swedish Championship at Baastad. And both she and Miss Julia Hill put up good



Wearing a worried look: Miss Jean Hamilton, runner-up to Miss Gourlay in the Swedish Ladies' Open Championship at Baastad



Royalty at Baastad: A proud moment for some of the British competitors during the Swedish Championship. On the left is a back view of H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Sweden, who is talking to Mrs. Andrew Holm, Miss Chambers, and Miss Bastin, and on the right the Crown Prince is seen with Miss McCulloch. His Royal Highness subsequently presented the various awards

fight with Miss Gourlay, while Miss Jean Hamilton was actually 2 up at the turn, and all square at lunch time in the 36-hole final. They beat the men, too, with the aid of six strokes on to their handicap, so that really nothing was lacking for a completely successful tour.

Surrey might feel distinctly heartened for County finals by reflecting that Miss Gourlay has added to her prestige, Miss Hamilton and Miss Hill both to their prestige and experience. Surrey needs some such sustaining thoughts to support them against the current reports of Cheshire's strict attention to business under the eye of the Ringway professional, and the undoubted fact that some of the team have already been making careful acquaintance with the Ashdown course.

Entries for the English Championship close, by the way, on Thursday, 8th, and should be sent to the secretary of the L.G.U. and not, be it noted, to this paper's office. Probably nobody is thinking of sending their entry form here, but one never knows, and with entries flowing in for the Autumn Foursomes, now under "The Bystander's" management, accidents might quite easily happen. Entries for the Foursomes close September 15.

By next year let us hope that everybody will have a little more money to do all the things they would like to do. Or perhaps we shall have all grown more resourceful. Have you heard, for instance, of the enterprise of a certain ex-lady champion? She is not in the habit of putting anything, except herself, on a horse, but the other day, just before starting for a summer holiday, some friend suggested that 10s. on a rank outsider would do her no harm. The 10s. was duly placed, the noble gee did his best, and fourteen good pounds went into the pocket of the surprised lady. Those fourteen pounds purchased an aged but serviceable and licensed motor-car which has chuffed its way, a little slow in the uptake maybe, but thoroughly sure, throughout the summer holiday. The story does not end there, for the car, its duty to its fair owner done, has now found another purchaser for £10. And even that is not the end, for another car permanently attached to the family of the ex-lady champion was presumably consumed with jealousy at being left out of the fun, and decided that something must be done to attract attention. Accordingly, when parked apparently safely at a peaceable front door, she suddenly slid down a slope, and was found locked in the embrace of a tree. Luckily, no one was hurt, though the dog (whose portrait has figured in these pages before now) protested somewhat loudly at her unexpected journey.

The Moray Club at Lossiemouth was quite *en fête* the other day for the annual prize-giving, a ceremony performed by Mrs. Willock-Pollen, who used to captain Surrey so successfully. As well as the prizes there was the presentation of his portrait by Frank Slater, and a cheque to Mr. John Foster, who is retiring from office after eleven years as secretary and forty years of membership. That is a record of which to be justly proud.

# COUUTURE



**Chic, Personality, Impeccable fit**—our new Couture Department is the answer to your prayers. It will give you all the advantages of a great French dress-house—but at less than quarter the cost! We have created a special suite for it in delicious Picasso blues and greys. Seat yourself in a deep arm-chair, and all that is newest and most thrilling in the world of clothes will be paraded before you. Choose what you will—Nicoll's clever cutters are ready to make you a cunning copy. Our first collection has been designed by that brilliant young artist, Charles James. Come and be fascinated. A card will bring you an invitation for our opening party on September 14th. Here are just three examples of the adorable clothes you will see: **The Dress** shows a completely new neckline that you pin and drape to your fancy and an immensely clever sash. To your measure, 11 gns. **The Coat** has a panel back and front and fastens at the right side in the ultra-modern manner. To your measure 10½ gns. **The Suit** is incredibly slimming, with a new version of the wide shoulder. To your measure 13½ gns.

## NICOLLS of REGENT STREET

H. J. NICOLL & CO. LTD., 114/120 REGENT STREET, W.1. TELEPHONE: REGENT 1951

# The Highway of Fashion

By  
M. E. BROOKE



Quite a new note is struck in the cape that Marie Tempest wears in "Tomorrow Will Be Friday." It is finished with a ruching with frayed edges, and is caught in front with blue and coral ribbons; her hat is trimmed, and her waist-band is composed of ribbons to match; the dress that accompanies this cape is patterned with blue. Another frock worn by this clever artist is of black and white crêpe de chine, reinforced with a cardigan with deep white cuffs to match the collar of the frock



It is obvious that H. J. Nicoll of 120, Regent Street, W., do understand the art of dressing the bright young people. To them must be given the credit of the models on this page. There is a spotted wool jumper with scarf to match. It is available in many attractive colour schemes, including brown and white. The suit on the left has a brown tweed skirt, while brown, yellow, and white are present in the checked coatee; it is 7½ guineas. The other model is of light-weight tweed, and is 5½ guineas with silk scarf and belt

PICTURES  
BY BLAKE

*Fashion asks a question :*

# TAILOR-MADE OR TWO-PIECE ?

FOR Autumn wear the Tailor-made and Two-piece are keen competitors for Fashion's favour. In the Suit and Ensemble Salon at Marshall & Snelgrove's you will find the newest interpretations of the vogue at most moderate prices. Here are two attractive examples:—



## 'PROMENADE'

An Autumn Tailor-made in Pennine frieze, with neat opossum fur collar to tone, ample revers and two fancy pockets. Coat is belted. Well-tailored Skirt, with two inverted pleats in front. In brown, blue, navy and green. Three sizes.

5

Guineas.

*Ensemble  
and  
Suit Salon,  
Ground Floor.*

*Write for  
New Brochure.*

## 'PADDY'

A new Two-piece in Pennine Saxony Tweed. (Sketched on right.) The Coat has a scarf collar trimmed flank musquash. In light navy, bottle, copper, grey, brown, navy and black. Two stock sizes.

5½

Guineas.

O.S. 6½ Gns.

*Sent on Approval.*



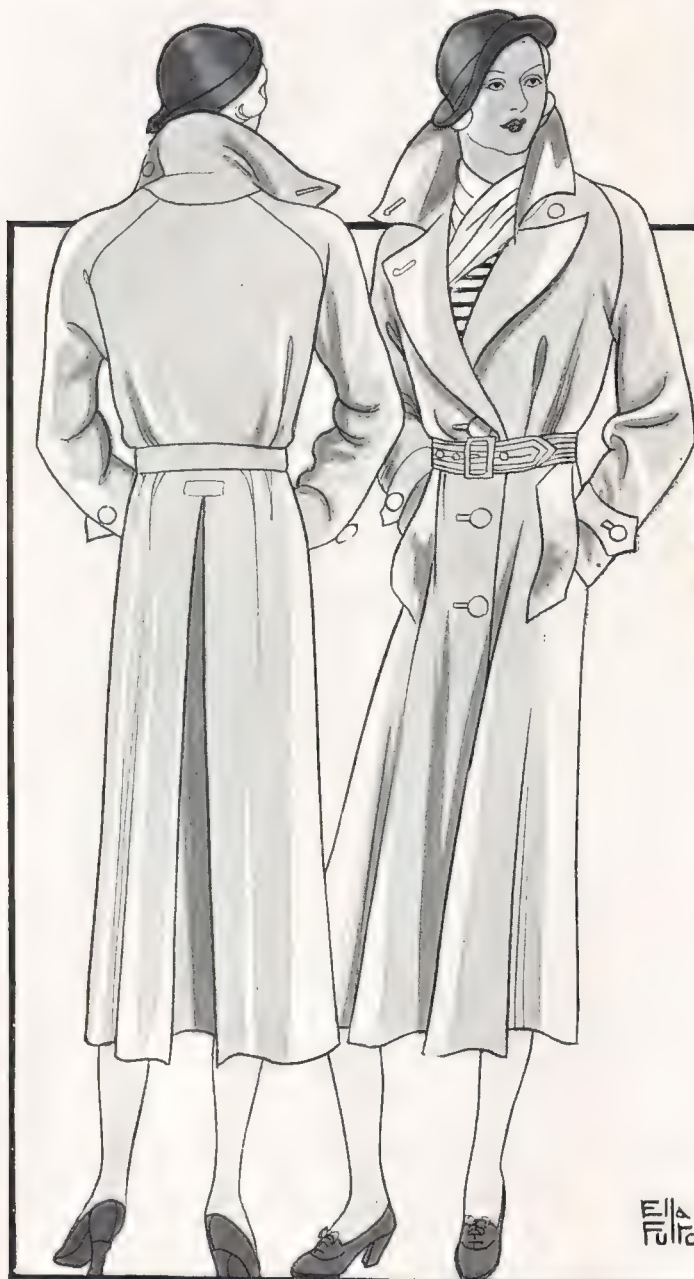
'Paddy'

**Marshall & Snelgrove**  
(Debenhams Ltd.)  
Vere Street and Oxford Street,  
L O N D O N W 1

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION —continued

There is no monotony about the collection of hats that is assembled in the salons of Peter Robinson, Oxford Street. There are models as well as adaptations of the same, many of them reinforced with abbreviated veils. The chef d'œuvre at the top of this page is expressed in black velour enriched with velvet of an elusive red shade; the model below, although representing the last word in the story of fashion, is very becoming; it is of grey felt and is pleasantly priced at 59s. 9d. For 45s. there is a marine-blue felt hat trimmed with stitched white kid bows; again there is a chenille affair of the cap persuasion ornamented with white embroidery for 38s. 6d. Naturally, in the inexpensive department there are a host of possibilities to explore in headgear that cost merely a few shillings; the colour schemes are lovely

"Something that is different" is ever present in the Milwata Point-to-Point waterproofs. The models for men, women, and children are sold practically everywhere. Should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to H. E. Mills, the manufacturer, Milwata House, 10, Wells Street, who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent. Two views of the latest model for women appear on this page. These waterproofs are guaranteed for two years and are available in three weights—standard double texture 49s. 9d., featherweight double texture 42s. 9d., single texture 31s. 9d. in white, putty, and fawn shades. The inverted saddle flap at the back is so arranged that it can be worn for riding astride as well as for walking



Among the attractive novelties this autumn are the bird and dog hat brooches. They are hand-made and painted in Royal Worcester porcelain; not only are they very light, but they are decorative and introduce a telling touch of colour in a dark hat. Doubtless many women will wear them instead of button-holes with their tailored suits. There are forty different kinds of birds and dogs, therefore there is something for everyone. Those who are superstitious will choose the owl, as it is generally supposed to be endowed with mascot properties—at least the late Gordon Bennett stated so on more than one occasion

Throughout the ages the juice of lemons has been regarded with favour on account of the beneficial effect it has on the skin; it whitens it, cleanses the pores, and vitalizes the tissues. The natural juice is difficult to obtain and not very satisfactory to use; therefore all and sundry will be pleased to learn that Bronnley's have perfected two lemon creams—a day cream (vanishing) and a night cream (cleansing). They are sold in 1s. 3d. and 3s. jars and 10d. tubes. The former must be rubbed lightly into the skin, by which it is absorbed and forms an excellent foundation for powder, while the latter must be worked into the skin with firm upward and outward strokes of the fingers, any excess being removed with a soft tissue

E. A. Fulton.



BY APPOINTMENT

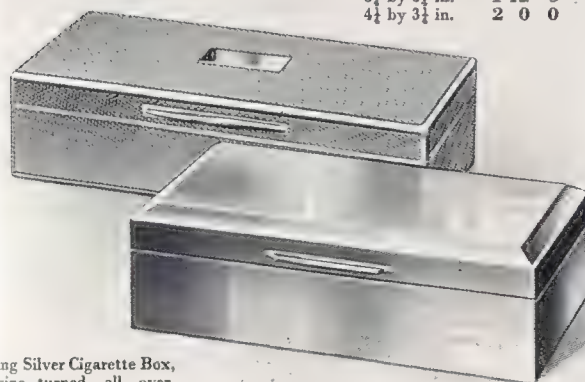
## for the smoker

A complete range of smokers' requirements and many other articles in faultless taste can be seen in The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company's Catalogue of "Gifts." Send for it to-day.



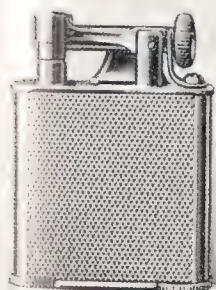
Engine-turned Sterling Silver  
"tear-off" Match Case - £0 15 0  
In 9-carat Gold - £5 15 0

Engine-turned Cigarette Case.			
Size	Sterling Silver	9-carat Gold	
3½ by 2½ in.	£1 4 0	£11 10 0	
3½ by 3½ in.	1 10 0	12 15 0	
3½ by 3½ in.	1 12 6	15 0 0	
4½ by 3½ in.	2 0 0	20 0 0	

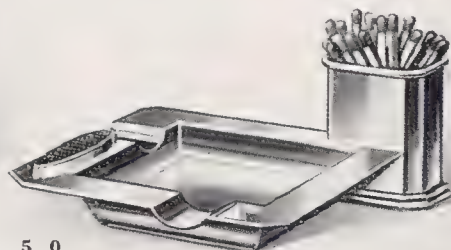


Sterling Silver Cigarette Box,  
engine-turned all over,  
lined cedar.  
4 ins. £3 7 6 7½ ins. £5 0 0

Sterling Silver Cigarette Box,  
plain, lined cedar.  
4 ins. £2 2 0 5½ ins. £2 12 6  
6½ ins. £3 7 6 8 ins. £4 0 0



Engine-turned Sterling Silver  
Pocket Lighter - £1 5 0  
In 9-carat Gold - £10 10 0



Sterling Silver Ash Tray  
combination - £1 1 0

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Twenty-five is not TOO old!

• But it is half-way to fifty. Twenty-five is not too young, either, to begin taking care of youth's most precious possessions . . . a good skin, a fine figure. The years fly away soon enough, and unless attention is paid to maintaining these priceless assets, the signs of age creep into the loveliest face, and the figure gets alarmingly out of hand

• Modern science knows how to guard against the ravages of time. The researches of Elizabeth Arden have been successfully directed to this end. In her salons in the great cities and in thousands of homes all over the world women are learning to prolong their youthful grace and beauty far beyond the span allowed by Nature

• Elizabeth Arden defies time

• In Miss Arden's Salons you will find just the treatment to correct any fault of skin or figure. Her early autumn regime includes the Anti-Brown Spot treatment, a timely one, for it stimulates the circulation and is successful in removing tan or sallowness. If you are out of town write to Miss Arden personally. She will tell you exactly how you may use this rejuvenating ointment at home, with the happiest results.

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## TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

### The Return of the Candle.

During the past few years the candle has come into its own again as a charming medium of lighting and decoration. Perhaps the greatest advantage of candles is that they can be adapted so easily to the requirements of different rooms and colour schemes. On the dining-table, for example, one can display tall candles with due regard to other objects, so that the whole arrangement forms a pleasing and harmonious setting for the meal. So disposed, the candles shed a light which is adequate, but soft and agreeable. Wonderful effects can be achieved by introducing candles into dark and dull corners. They provide just that concentration of colour which is needed for relief. Two slender candles—orange or old gold or sulphur yellow—will brighten up a hall or staircase like a splash of sunlight.

### Mrs. Victor Bruce's Flight.

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce dropped a message during her recent non-stop flight stating that the difficulty of securing adequate sleep in her aeroplane was overcome, as she was using a specially-built Vi-Spring mattress.

### "Cerebos" Salt.

The words "Cerebos" and "salt" are synonymous where table salt is concerned, and a visit to the works where Cerebos is manufactured is of



"Nell Gwynn" candles can be used successfully in almost any setting. Here the tall pillar of the candle harmonises with the clock

absorbing interest. From the rock salt bed a thousand feet below the earth's surface to the dainty cellar on the table, from solid to liquid, liquid to the finest possible crystals, purified, dried, sieved, weighed, packed, delivered, and poured from the tin and yet not once touched by human hand! This salt is indeed a credit to British enterprise and British skill.

### The Antiquity of Macassar Oil.

It is worth recording that the Rowland's Macassar Oil that is used throughout the world to-day, and has such a beneficial effect on the hair and scalp, was made and sold in 1793—that is 139 years ago—when George III was king. Rowlandson, the famous caricaturist of Georgian times, made a humorous drawing of men and women using Macassar Oil on their hair. It was advertised in the original edition of Thackeray's "Virginians," published in 1857, and was mentioned by Byron in "Don Juan," Canto I. Furthermore, Alexander Rowland, jun., wrote a book entitled, "An Historical, Philosophical, and Practical Essay on the Human Hair"; it was inscribed to H.R.H. Princess Charlotte of Wales and Coburg, and published in 1816. Another book, entitled "The Human Hair," was published by Alexander Rowland in 1853. Neither must it be overlooked that it is being made and sold to-day in ever-increasing quantities, and it is interesting to know that the Rowland family is still connected with the business—A. Rowland and Sons, 22, Laystall Street, E.C.



It is Craftsmanship that gives beauty and character to Old Silver, and it is Craftsmanship that gives Prince's Plate its distinction and value. May we send the new catalogue of Spoons, Forks and Household Plate? There are patterns to suit your taste, for the range is so diverse; prices, too, are in line with present-day conditions.

## PRINCE'S PLATE

The only lasting substitute for Sterling Silver

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**LLAMOVEL**, the most luxurious of all pile-fabrics and used exclusively for RODEX Coats, is a superfine material, feather-light and lustrous. Of pure undyed Llama hair, its pile is close and even, with a texture so supple that it tailors to perfection on slender, shapely lines. You may know that among pile fabric coats there is no handsomer material; for RODEX Coats are in every way as near perfection as skilled craftsmen can build them... created and cut with that particular flair which makes the English-woman's Country clothes the envy of the world. From all good Fashion Shops and Stores.



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found only in ..

**RŌDEX  
COATS**

THE FINEST TRAVEL  
AND SPORTING COATS  
IN THE WORLD.

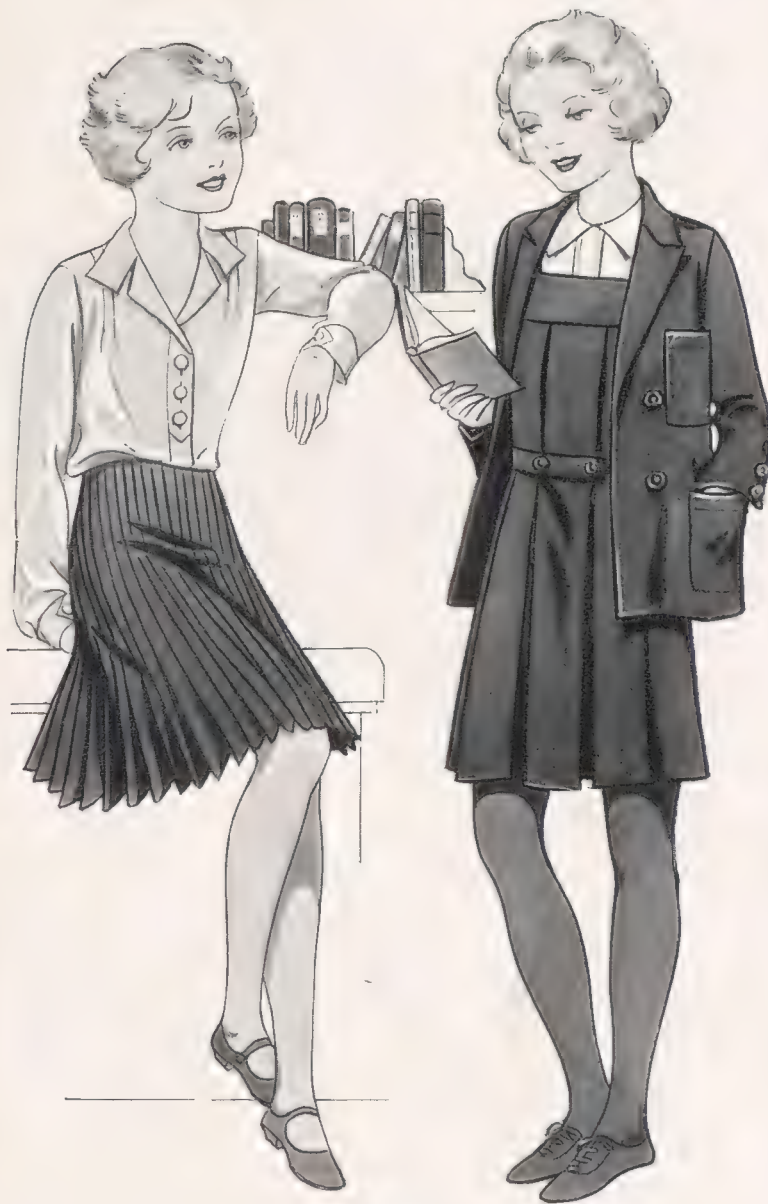
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WHOLESALE AND EXPORT

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# The SCHOOL OUTFIT

for the Autumn Term can be chosen  
most satisfactorily and economically  
at Marshall & Snelgrove's



## A Few Suggestions :

Well-cut Blouses in coloured washing silk, elastic at waist.  
In saxe, beige and green. Sizes 12 to 16 years. **21/-**

Rising 1/- each size.

Pleated Navy Skirt in serge on white bodice. Sizes **19/6**  
24 to 38. Rising 1/- each size.

Regulation Gym Tunic, in good quality blue serge, with  
belt or girdle. Price for 22 in. length. **19/6**

Rising 1/- each size.

Cream Viyella Blouses, all sizes **15/-** Flannel Blazers. Single  
Breasted **15/6** Flannel Blazers. Double Breasted **18/6**

Rising 1/- each size.

Badges and Monograms extra.

Sent on Approval.

Write for Catalogue.

**Marshall & Snelgrove**  
Vere Street and Oxford Street,  
LONDON W.1

**Mike**—continued from p. 428

Mike was very fond of fishing and had his own methods of following this form of sport. He would lie on his belly close to the edge of shallow water, and, whenever a fish passed, swimming on the surface within striking distance, he would deliver a smashing blow on the head or back to disable it, then pull it ashore, and carry it in his mouth about twenty yards away from the water, drop it on the grass, and then return to resume angling operations. Many times Mike has provided me with a nice bream for breakfast—he did not eat fish himself. He always avoided deep water; I suppose his instinct warned him of the danger of lurking crocodiles.

His speed for about two hundred yards was astounding. I had not trained him for hunting and would not allow him to chase a buck when out with me. The cook, however, owing to his insatiable greed for meat, taught him to hunt during my absences from camp and one day quite by accident I caught him at it.

On this occasion I set off at dawn for a long trip and foolishly told the cook that I should be away probably for six weeks. (One should never tell one's native servants how long one is likely to be away, it is wiser to keep them guessing.) I gave him instructions to feed Mike on boiled dried meat, of which there was a large stock in camp. After I had proceeded about two miles I was attacked by malaria and compelled to return. When about half a mile from camp, my natives, always on the look-out for anything in the way of meat, spotted a small herd of impala on the plain and asked me to stalk them as they wanted fresh meat. Impala, the most graceful of all antelope, I would never shoot unless absolutely compelled to; so I told the boys to shut up, and then sat down on an ant-hill for a rest.

While watching the antics of these beautiful creatures gambolling and jumping over each other as if playing leap-frog, and marvelling at their wonderful agility, I spotted the cook with Mike on a lead sneaking up from bush to bush towards them. I was too ill and too far away to stop him, so could do nothing but speculate as to what he was up to.

When within fifty yards of the herd he unleashed Mike, who immediately flattened himself to the ground till he had more the appearance of a rug than a living animal. Licking his chops, and nervously

swishing his tail from side to side, he crawled along behind the cover of a bush for another few yards until there was no more cover between the herd and himself. Then, with a mighty leap and the speed of a projectile, hurled himself straight at them. He dropped short, however, and the herd made off at a great pace—the rams making thirty feet leaps. For two hundred yards the speed was terrific. Then Mike made a spurt and, catching up to the hindmost, a ewe, caught her a clout with his paw on one of the hind legs, putting her out of her stride. Though checked only for the fraction of a second it was sufficient for Mike. Like a flash he sprang on to her withers and pulled her down. Had the chase continued for another hundred yards the buck would have got away, for cheetahs become quickly winded. In hunting they rely more on stratagem than speed, except, as I have remarked, for a short burst. What I did to the cook is another story.

Mike was very fond of the camp fire (perhaps he saw pictures in it). Directly it was kindled at sundown he would stretch himself out a couple of feet away, purring the while like a well-tuned engine, and not until it was time to turn in would he leave. He and Tim had grass mats on the floor at the foot of my bed. Here they would lie, each on his own mat, until I was fast asleep, when both would silently climb up on to the bed and stretch out, one on either side of me. They managed it so quietly that I never knew they were there until morning.

While shaving one morning Mike put his forepaws on to my shoulders from behind and peered into the mirror. Whether he saw, as he thought, another cheetah about to attack me, I cannot say; however, he caught that looking-glass a mighty swipe, and smashed it to smithereens.

Some months later my wanderings took me to Nyassaland, where I became very ill with black-water fever. Whilst unconscious I was taken to the home of a very hospitable coffee planter, where I was handed over to the lady of the house, and nursed back to health. When fully recovered I noticed a change in Mike. Although still fond of me in a way, he had transferred most of his affections to my nurse and her children, and had become one of the family; so, when I left, I asked this lady to accept him as a token of gratitude for what she had done for me.

Judging by the delight she and her children showed, I am sure they valued Mike more than anything else I could have given them.



ME AND PAL

A delightful picture someone was lucky to get at a dog—and baby—show in Nice the other day

The only water biscuit  
with the true  
nutty flavour

Water Biscuits are not at all the same thing if you leave out that vital first word "JACOB'S". And cheese without Jacob's Water Biscuits is like strawberries without the cream. In airtight ½-lb. cartons and in tins of various sizes.



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Ordinary or High Baked

W. & R. Jacob & Co. Ltd., are makers of the original and best Cream Crackers, also Marie, Puff Cracknels, Goldgrain, Jabisco Assorted, Chocolate Biscuits, and over 300 other varieties.

# Miss Iris Ashley

Now appearing in the "Savoy Follies," at the Savoy Theatre, writes:—

"**T**HAT I have not been an utter wreck after a really exhausting and nerve wracking day in the studio I attribute entirely to Phosferine. This wonderful nerve tonic keeps me fit and well the whole day through. Phosferine is just as valuable to me as my make-up, and has played just as important a part in my success. I know of many other artistes, who, like myself, find Phosferine the ideal tonic for making us appear at our best at all times. I strongly recommend Phosferine to all those who wish to be bright and energetic and free from nerve strain."

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### THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists. 1/3, 3/- and 5/- Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

**WARNING.**—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.



From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

**KING GEORGE IV**

**THE SPORTSMAN'S BEST SELECTION**

King George IV  
Old Scotch Whisky  
Extra Special

## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS JOAN CHIRNSIDE AND MR. ALEC WAUGH

Whose marriage is to take place in October. Mr. Alec Waugh, who is the well-known novelist, is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Waugh of Hampstead, and Miss Joan Chirnside is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Chirnside of Berwick, Victoria, Australia

Church on September 14; the 22nd is the date fixed for the marriage between Mr. Ronald Finch Hill and Miss Frances Margaret Lumsden, which is to take place at St. Columba's (Church of Scotland), Pont Street, S.W.; on the 24th, Mr. Peter Fabyan Evans marries Miss Catherine Elise Leaf at the Parish Church, Bowdon, Cheshire; and on the same day, Captain F. H. Frith, Army Educational Corps, and Miss Rubie (Pat) O'Meara are being married at Christ Church, Folkestone.

## Next Month.

On October 5, Mr. G. L. Mackeson and Miss Geraldine Sandbach are being married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks; Mr. Audry Ingram Bryan and Miss Violet Eden Dennys are to be married on the 15th; and the marriage between Mr. John Johnston and Miss Margaret Satterthwaite takes place on the 19th.

## Recently Engaged.

Mr. Orde Charles Wingate, Royal Artillery, the eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. George Wingate of Summerhill, Godalming, and Miss Enid Margaret Eardley Jelley, the youngest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Jelley of Hawkstone, Fareham, Hampshire; Mr. Thomas Bovill Whitehead, the only son

## In December.

Some time in December, Mr. Claude Henry Turner, Royal Air Force, the eldest son of Major and Mrs. H. E. M. Turner of Sandacre, Abingdon, Berks, is marrying Miss Margery Lazenby, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lazenby of 12, Princes Gardens, S.W.

## This Month.

Lieut.-Colonel Ian Forbes of Rothiemay, and Miss Mary Sibell Shaw Stewart are to be married quietly at Tisbury Catholic



MRS. G. J. PARTINGTON

Whose marriage took place recently to Mr. George J. Partington. She is the only daughter of the late Mr. Edgar Osborne, of Cambridge Road, Southport

of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Whitehead of The Manor, Piddletrenthide, Dorset, and grandson of the late Mr. Robert Whitehead of Fiume, Italy, and Miss Christine Margaret Dixon, the second daughter of the late Mr. J. B. Dixon and

of Mrs. Dixon of Patterdale, Paignton; Mr. Vladimir Werner, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexandre Werner of Nice, and Miss Margaret Frances Tracy-Simpson, the daughter of the late Mr. Stephen Tracy-Simpson and Mrs. Tracy-Simpson of 153, Cromwell Road, S.W.; Captain Ernest St. John Brockman, Royal Marines, and Miss Elizabeth Hope Campbell, the elder daughter of Mr. and

Mrs. E. H. Hope Campbell of Western Park, Somers, Victoria, Australia; Mr. Frederick Colin Swallow, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Swallow of Tankersley Grange, near Barnsley, and Miss Mary Margaret Hurst, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hurst of Whirlowdale Road, Sheffield.



MR. AND MRS. J. F. MADDEN

Who were married recently at Haverhill. Mr. John Franklin Madden is the son of the late Dr. F. C. Madden, C.M.G., of Cairo, and of Mrs. Madden of 4, Herbert Mansions, Hans Crescent, S.W., and his wife was formerly Miss Diana Copland Taylor, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Taylor of Boyton Hall, Haverhill

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REJUVENATION

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## HYSTOGEN · DERMA · PROCESS

which supersedes all other forms of treating the face and succeeds where all other methods have failed.



Extracts from articles written by well-known people who investigated the Hystogen · Derma · Process:—

LADY MAUD WARRENDER: "A Woman's Dearest Wish Fulfilled." "What surprised me equally was that the effect is permanent. Once this glorious appearance of youth has been recaptured it remains."

MARGERY LAWRENCE: "In Favour of Facial Perfection." "... undoubtedly the greatest exponent of this discovery at the present time."

GILBERT FRANKAU: "Watching a Miracle." "Had I not seen the miracle done I should never have consented to subscribe this testimony."

The HYSTOGEN · DERMA · PROCESS is explained in Mr. C. H. Willi's new book, "The Secret of Looking Young," based on 10,000 successful cases and 25 years' experience. 2/6. Sent on receipt of Postal Order.

**HYSTOGEN**  
(Established 1911)

40, Baker St., London, W. 1

"Oh! Jill darling, I have just had one of the new non-electrical perms. It's the most comfortable, most luxurious thing I have ever experienced..."



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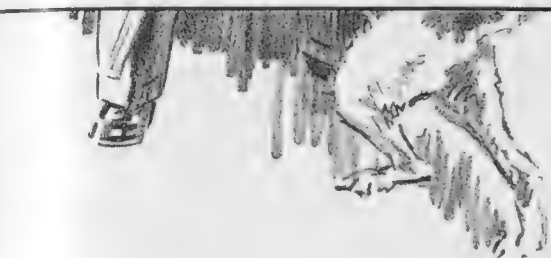
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## Polo Notes

(continued from p. 404)

a ship full of ponies so he should get a lot of good polo. This boy, I'm absolutely certain, will go to the top of the tree. What strikes me about these players is that they all ride so hard, and appear to have that extra bit of dash that Humphrey Guinness has, also they are long hitters.

The occasion when Mr. G. G. Ashton was played in an International trial in England was in the seventh trial match played at Roehampton on July 2, 1930. He was No. 2 in The Rest team behind Captain R. George, and he had behind him Major E. G. Atkinson and Mr. Humphrey Guinness. The England team was, in the order in which it played: Mr. Aidan Roark (subsequently disabled from playing in America), Mr. Gerald Balding, Captain C. T. I. Roark, and Mr. L. L. Lacey, and England won 13 to 3. Mr. Ashton played well, but it is trying a man pretty high to plump him down amongst a lot of strangers with whose little ways he is quite unfamiliar. I think there is a good deal to be said anent my correspondent's letter, but before going into the big difficulty, that of mobilising people spread all over the earth, I should be very glad indeed to have the views of anyone who may be so kind as to send them to me.



CUBBING WITH THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE LAST WEEK:  
BRIG-GENERAL SIR ROBERT FANSHAW

Sir Robert Fanshawe has hunted with these South Oxfordshire hounds from his childhood up. He was born in 1863 and still carries on as enthusiastically as ever. A picture of the M.F.H., Mr. Brunskill, is on the first page of Polo Notes

In the meanwhile this concluding part of my correspondent's letter will be read with interest by all the people he mentions:—

I see by the papers the usual May rain has restricted the polo in London. We have nothing but sunshine in this country. There was a very good pony show during the week. Sir Philip Game, the Governor, and myself did the judging as last year. I must say there was a real good show of ponies—about ten to twelve in each class. I'm sure if the shipping facilities were easier than some of these ponies would more than hold their own in the International, like "Margot" (Winston Guest's) purchased from the Ashtons and considered the best he has ridden. They are all the hardy sort—legs of iron with the natural aptitude for polo. From what I have seen they stand up to hard work better than the English ponies. I only wish the Hurlingham authorities could arrange to have some over before next year.

I've written Lord Cowdray, Pat Roark, and others on the subject. Maurice Kingscote would go mad over them. Having practically lived with him for years I know well how they would appeal to him. His letters to me are nothing but fox-chasing. I hope he won't give up the best game in the world. I consider him one of the greatest judges of polo ponies of all time.

I feel that the Australian player should be given a chance, especially when the ready-made article is waiting, everything complete, ponies, sticks, etc.



The advantages of a visit to Britain's Most Beautiful Guest House are even more marked in September and October than in the more conventional holiday months. For the season never "flags" at the Palace. There'll be golf, tennis (a first-class professional always in attendance), croquet, bowls, squash, badminton, etc., being played; the swimming pool, gymnasium, and magnificent sun-lounge will have their many devotees; and at night there'll be dancing, cinema or entertainments going on in the beautiful ballroom. Write for the Palace "NO-EXTRAS" Tariff.

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## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The first meeting of the newly-formed Northern Counties Pointer and Setter Society took place on August 20, at Tressady, in Sutherland, by kind permission of Mrs. Nagle. The meeting was a great success. There was an enormous entry, twenty-five in the Novice Stake and twenty-six in the Open Stake. The judges were Lady Howe and Mr. Littledale, and they had no light task as they started at nine and did not finish till 7.30. Tressady is one of the best moors in Sutherland, and all the dogs were well tested, as game was abundant. Mrs. Nagle won the Open Stake with Dinah d'Or. The weather was perfect, and the proceedings were followed with the deepest interest by a large crowd of spectators. There is no doubt that there is a deep and growing interest taken in these days in the work of gun dogs, and on all sides hopes were expressed that the meeting would be an annual event. Great thanks are due to Mrs. Nagle, who, by her energy and enthusiasm, promoted this event, and who also kindly lent the ground for it.



ALLAMI VAN ZAANDAM  
The property of Mrs. Wingfield Digby



JAPANESE PUPPIES  
The property of Miss Gertrude Savile

The remarkable feature of the Pointer and Setter Trial season just over, has been the success of the Irish setter, who has now fully come into his own as a field trial dog. A few years ago the Irish setter in that capacity was a negligible quantity. Field trials are of great use as they raise the standard of work of gun dogs, and also show which breeds are really adapted to their work.

The Australian terrier is making steady progress in this country. It has a flourishing club devoted to its interests, of which Mrs. Bassett is secretary, and hopes soon to attain to the status of a recognized breed. The Australians are charming little dogs of a convenient size. One of their owners says they are so

of the toy breeds. Miss Savile's address is Sunnycroft, Clint, Ripley, near Harrogate, and she is always pleased to show her dogs to anyone.

Mrs. Wingfield Digby writes from Stornoway that her Keeshonds are all well and happy. She has a promising family by Konstant, the mother being sister to Hendrick of Worton. She would like to sell a dog and bitch of this family, but as they are good ones, will only sell to someone who will show them, and means to go in for breeding them. The picture is of her well-known winner, Allami van Zaandam. The Keeshond has at last fairly established himself in this country. Entries at shows where classes are provided are good and one constantly sees Keeshonds about, always a sign of popularity. The Keeshond has much to recommend him, two points being his handsome appearance and friendly temper.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

"portable," a good and true description. They are most intelligent and devoted little companions, and very game and sporting as well. Mrs. Bassett sends a picture of an Australian terrier bred by her. She has some nice puppies for sale born in July.

Miss Savile owns one of the best known kennels of Japs. She sends a most attractive snapshot of some puppies she has for sale. She says, "There is a perfect specimen, male, black and white, four months old, and the lovely ruby and white are three months. One of them disliked being taken, so has not got his usual happy expression." They are particularly well marked. Miss Savile's Japs are all brought up in the most healthy way at her home near Harrogate, which gives them robust constitutions. Japs are among the most attractive



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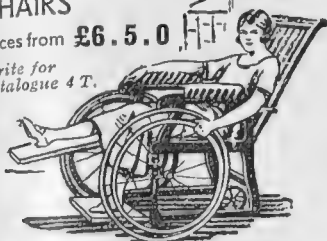
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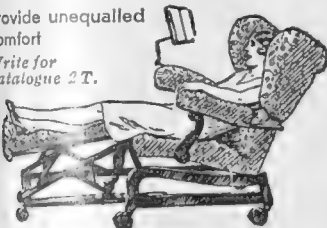
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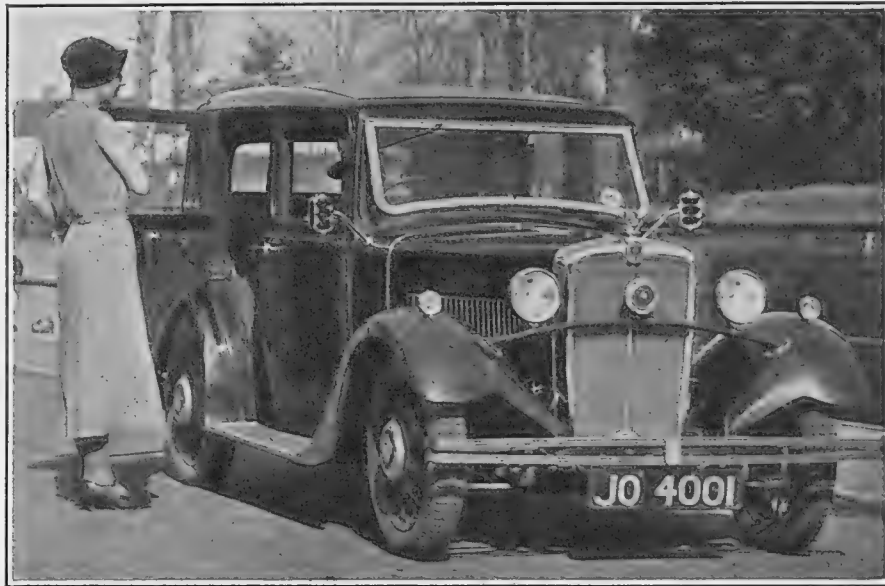
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## Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 426

complete. All these features, together with a free-wheel that makes gear-changing child's play, and a remote gear control, enormously powerful hydraulic braking, and an original design of singularly stiff frame—to mention only a few of its attractions—are to be found in the new Wolseley 16. This, unless I am more than usually mistaken, will very quickly establish itself in favour, for at £325 it seems to be just the very thing that so many "motorists of moderate means" have been looking for. Roomier body-work and higher performance generally are the leading motifs of the latest Triumphs, to be known as the Super-Eight, the Super-Nine, and the Twelve-Six, all of which have four-speed silent-third gear boxes and hydraulic brakes, and a worm-drive that gives an unusually low floor level. The Southern Cross four-seater sports is now equipped with a somewhat more powerful engine. An excellent innovation, which applies to the larger Triumph models, is the incorporation of a centralized jacking system, of a simple mechanical type that eliminates all the messiness and trouble from an otherwise beastly job. Strange, that a modest-priced light car should have blazed this trail. And now for an entirely new Alvis 4-cylinder of 1,496 cc. and 11.9-h.p. rating to be known as the Firefly. This may not unfairly be described as a reduced facsimile of the Speed Twenty that has done so conspicuously well. It has 2-cylinders fewer, but that fact, I am credibly informed, is scarcely perceptible owing to the extreme smoothness.



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The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently appeal for a lonely and semi-paralysed woman of close on seventy. She has been unable to work for many years owing to acute arthritis which steadily grows worse. Her father fought through the Indian Mutiny, and her sister, to whom she was devoted, died some years ago, so she is quite alone in the world and lives in one room with but little to brighten her life, for she suffers dreadfully at times. She cannot, of course, do much for herself, but her landlady is a wonderful friend to her, and

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The Annual Exhibition of British Photography was opened by the Lord Mayor of London at the Prince's Galleries on Monday, September 5. Members of the Professional Photographers' Association from all parts of the British Isles have contributed works to the exhibition which, it is anticipated, will be of a higher standard than in previous years. In addition to the usual display of portraiture there will be on view a comprehensive collection of photographs dealing with all branches of industry and commerce. Other striking features will be a series of photographic posters and a panel of portraits in natural colour photography.

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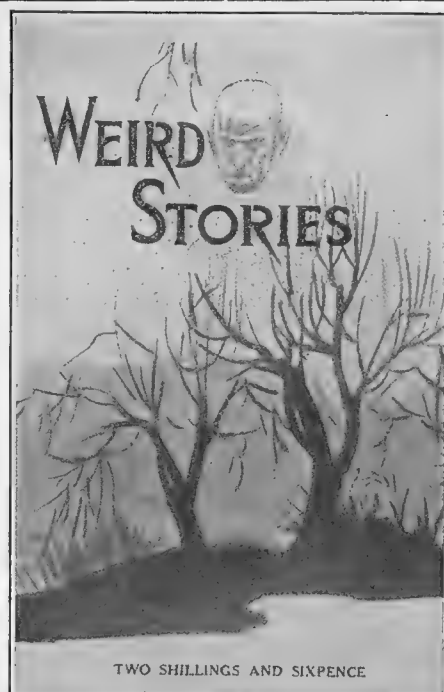
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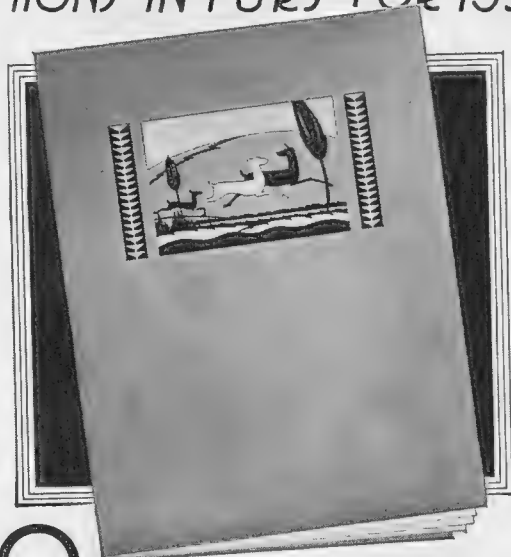
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to tone. Size 20 inch for 3 years 77/6  
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Hat to match 39/6

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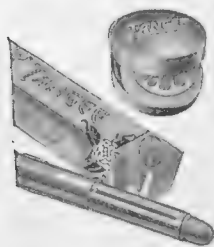
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172

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161



162

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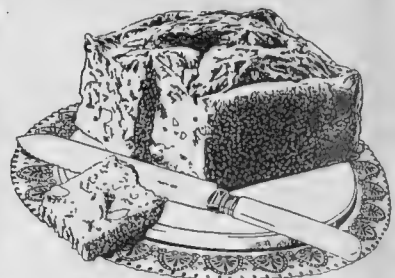
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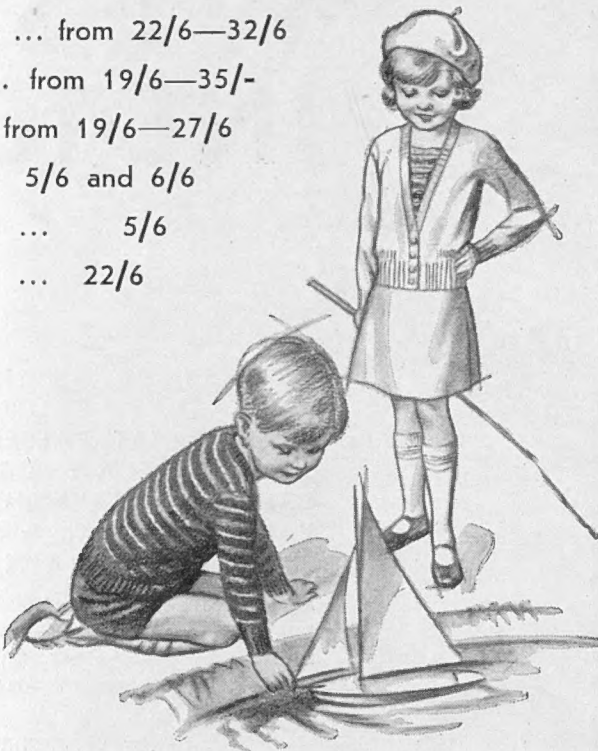
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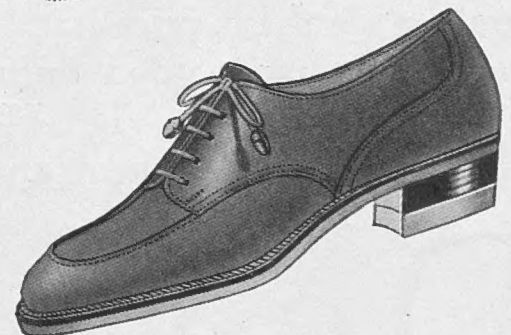
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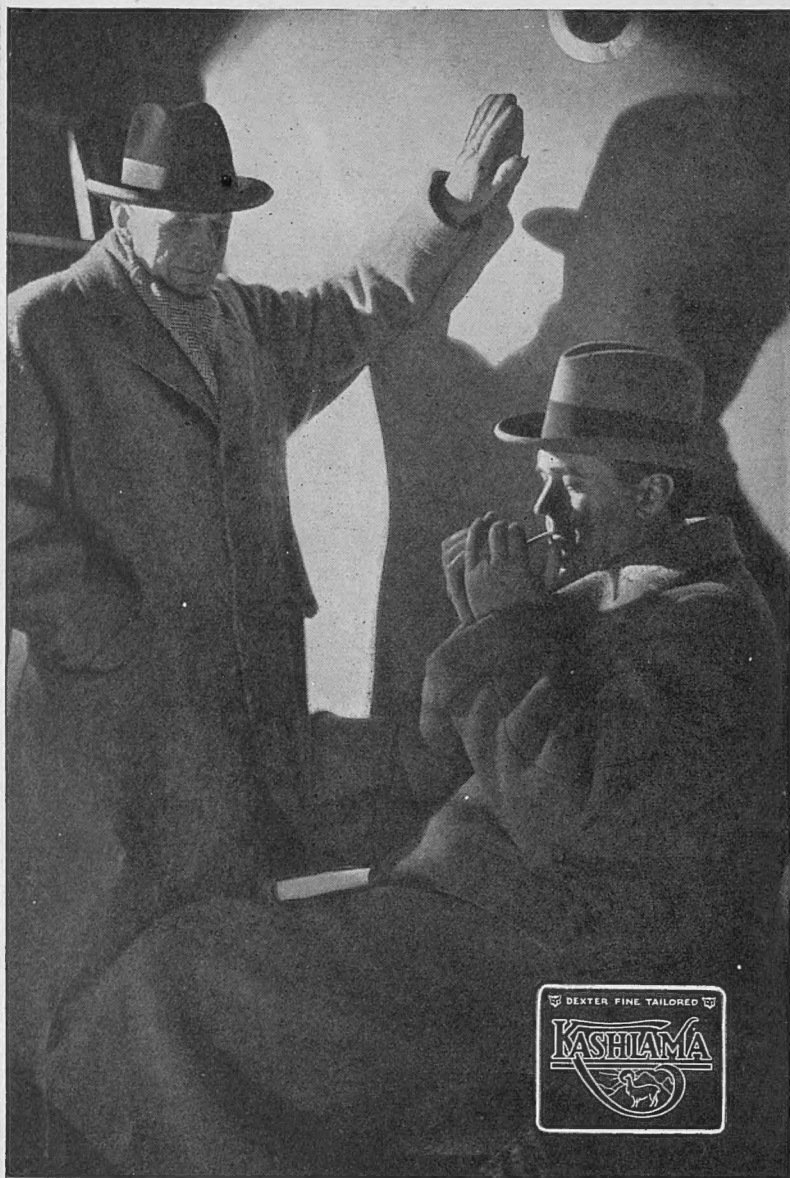
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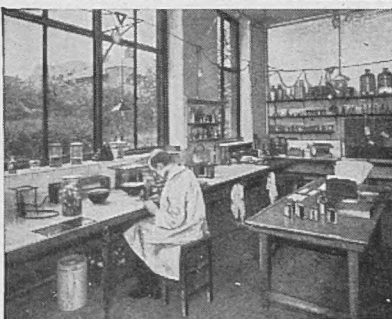
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GREEN PEAS  
FARROW'S  
SALAD CREAM  
TOMATO KETCHUP

# Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5<sup>th</sup> Baronet)

He rode to win, but . . .

1842—"Lye's<sup>1</sup> gross maltreatment of Blue Bonnet<sup>2</sup> in ye Leger yesterday brought disgust to all who witnessed it. Lye is said to have backed ye filly for a large sum himself, yet tis surely small excuse for driving home a horse covered with blood. Rumour has it that Eglinton,<sup>3</sup> who had cleverly concealed ye form of his horse, won in all £30,000 for a stake of £650, having wagered it with Crockford some time before. Tho perhaps such compensation be needed, for Blue Bonnet was so cruelly used that tis like her winning career is finished. I doubt if Dawson<sup>4</sup> will ever permit Lye to ride for him again."



- 1 Tommy Lye, Jockey of Blue Bonnet.
- 2 Winner of the St. Leger in 1842.
- 3 13th Earl of Eglinton.
- 4 Trainer of Blue Bonnet

Lady Angela: "What a beastly shame, treating a horse like that."

Sir Edward: "Yes, I'm glad to see the trainer took the right view. But what an extraordinary price Lord Eglinton obtained."

Lady Angela: "Why extraordinary, Ted? I've taken 50 to 1 myself before now."

Sir Edward: "Ah, but the records shew that the actual starting price of Blue Bonnet was eights. The affair is a very good example of keeping a horse 'hushed up.' Blue Bonnet, as far as I can make out, had never raced before. Nobody knew anything about her till a few hours before the race, and by that time the owner had made his bets."

Lady Angela: "Just as you or I should take an ante-post price with 'Duggie'?"

Sir Edward: "Well, I don't think you'd have found it quite as simple and straightforward in those days, my dear. A deal of searching must have been necessary to find someone who was not only willing to make a satisfactory price, but also reasonably trustworthy. Eglinton was lucky in this case, because Crockford was by all accounts a man of honour in these matters."

Lady Angela: "How I should have hated having to search for a bookie!"

Sir Edward: "I'm afraid you've been spoiled by 'Duggie's' comfortable arm-chair methods."

Lady Angela: "Just a moment, Ted dear. Before your conversation becomes too ambiguous, pass me that amusement guide. I'm going to allow you to spoil me with a couple of stalls."

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2